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PASTORAL

POEMS,

BY

WILLIAM DYASON.

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LYCIDAS AND CORYDON.

CORYDON *alone, lamenting the Loss of* AMYNTA, *his Lover.*

HOW hard my fate to be a shepherd born!
How hard, ye gods, to wander thus forlorn!
Yet I'll repeat, and despair shall echo
To groves, and swains, and nymphs, my tales of woe.
Ye Dictæan maids, Amynta I lament;
Ye nymphs Hesperian, whither is she sent?
Thou morn effulgent, why unbind thy folds?
In vain proud Sol o'er Polyanthus rolls;
In vain, thou moon, and twilight vespers hue;
Oh, fly thou sun, ye lunar shades adieu!
Yet, chief, O night! I woo thy sable sheen,
And dewy beds, where I can weep unseen.

How vain to me Nature's effluvia flows !
Her wild effusion can't abate my woes.
Then I, Aristæus, will keep the shades with thee ;
Amynta I, for Eurydice, you be.
Oh, tell ! thou Delius, thou know'st Pernassus' height,
Tell where's Amynta fluttering her flight ?
I, being unacquainted with her sleep ;
Nor Cytheron, Dictynna, know the deep.
Apollo, tell if she the heights ascend ;
Or if to Erebus I my course should bend.
Say, if there's my love, but tell me, shall I meet ;
Say, if in Heaven, or dreaming in the deep.
Oh, deeper woes on woes do yet abound !
Perchance, no traces are there to be found ;
And I, a shepherd, humble, meek, and low,
Must tarry here, where'er Amynta go !
Nor Linus' ode, or Orphean power to chime ;
I can't, like Arion, build the lofty rhyme.
Groves, forests, vile, lie dreaming with thy fame ;
Arcadia, Palilia, do the same.
And Damon swains near all forget their pipes ;
Their flocks are lost, yet Lycid' gay, delights.
Why, thou Lycidian train, remain so gay,
And idly vain, on tiptoes' borrow'd day ;

Ye,

Ye, thus enchanted on your laurell'd banks,
Deign from your heights, and take my humble thanks;
Nor be ambitious o'er thy brother swain;
Or jocund longer, chaunting airs amain.
Deign, ye sequester'd nymphs, a little time,
Ye shepherd youths, attend my humble rhyme;
And satyrs cease to teize the sylvan shades,
Or haunts unholy, fright'ning nectar'd glades.
Now let me echo through the lofty skies,
Resounding azure, tell who claims my sighs:
Tell, at Amynta's grove I raise my tomb,
Oppressed deep, and low as Lybia's gloom.
As sadest Negro 'twixt European claw;
But Pollio, silent servitude my law:
Nor chid me not, ye mighty gods above,
That all my life I mourn Amynta's love;
Nor ye, who are companions to my song,
Do not lament that I detain ye long.
I lead ye o'er no toilsome climes with me,
But give at home my heart's sad history.
If in this lay unlawful I appear,
Remember, nought but wretchedness I wear.
A youth unskill'd in figures of his art,
A youth, who feels now what he writes in part.

Then, if in other climes, or Britain's vale;
What matters where, when nature's worn so pale.
Then let me---Oh! attend! nor leave me so;
O let me weep! return, and tell my woe.
Why, Phœbus, yet thy daily visit pay?
Whose solar beams raise no responsive lay;
Or, I've no more the sense of mortal cheers,
Where white flocks feed, or red rose-bud appears.
Affected hues of Cypress I imbibe,
And deep communion to redeem my bride:
Nor I no more hold dance in vocal airs,
Where Thyrsis and Menalcas take their pairs.
Propitious Muse! I now loose all thy dawn,
And Orpheus, who cheer'd the balmy lawn;
Or more with Pallas break the rocid green;
A sacrifice is all I now would seem;
Therefore, approach, to raise the wretched prize,
Ye who are fam'd so gloriously to rise!
In awful tones, the trembling shades here heap;
But, first my frame in holy incense steep;
Extracted from ambrosia's gummy gems,
And drain their incense, and consume their stems.
Come, now, take your farewell of Corydon;
For he forsakes Œolia's grove alone;
And leaves ye all to raise in higher strains,
Ye celebrating great Mellisa's plains.

Aspiring

Aspiring poplars, myrtles' balmy hue;
Ye that on altars lambkins oft imbrue;
Ye gath'ring fruits, to lofty airs unborn,
When Hesper bids, ye fold your flocks, adorn;
Adorn my gloom! yet listen swains to me,
That thus bestows these solemn charms too free.
If garlands dight an anxious shepherd's shrine,
With joyous hearts, and suppliant hands combine,
Ah! ah! but, how! how! unavailing paid,
Veil'd still in shadowy glooms let me be laid.
No more, ye Fates, then unpropitious share;
For I'll auspicious follow my lost fair.
Hence worldly joys, to me but grievous toils!
Exuberant in weakness, deep in broils.
Amynta, I, Amynta, I lament!
Deploring I! Amynta I lament!
O goddess! there must be with thee conceal'd,
Some hapless place, or golden flocks o'erveil'd.
Vermilion cheeks, or dismal glooms o'erspread,
Gay purple vest, or filthy dust thy bed;
Joyous pipes, or dark tremendous cries!
And murmurs serving to confute our eyes,
Distract our thoughts, and fluctuate our breasts.
Ah, Phœbus! daily doubt I where she rests;
'Tis mine, poor Coryd, Coryd's to deplore!
Despair is mine! Amynta is no more!

Was ever swain or shepherdess like me?
A wretched youth, and wretched still to be.
Why, Orion, toss me in unseason'd storms,
Midst furious flocks, and alienating charms!
Nor free from cottage mirth, and humble plains;
Nor free from haunts of shepherds, and the swains;
Nor mine to sing, but sadness to revolve;
To fly the meadows, and to cease to rove:
Yet, Oh, imagination! yet would boast;
And yet to tell Amynta is not lost.
Selected in Parnassus' heights, I see
Gay Pallas' nymphs, sedately moving thee;
More beauteous than Cynthia serene,
Revolving mutual tresses round the beam;
Yet now I loose the hope of all my flock;
O stay thou phantom! stay Amynta, look!
Approach, fond maid! nor longer let me mourn,
Februa's depths! ye heights of Jove return!
Let Coryd view what pillars bears him up,
What swains in other Bulls and Aries sup;
What Tityro's, and Amarrilla's hie;
What Corydons for new Alexis sigh:
Or say, ye gods, shall Coryd be no more,
When he doth cease Amynta to deplore;
Or shall I make Numidia my home,
With lions on the Lybian coast to roam.

Oh!

Oh! I'm dejected! Fall, Fortuna, fall!
My lays no more the nymphs pastoral call.
Ye cares, are ye entwin'd, ne'er to disband,
But make a chaos of Pastora's land?
Unhappy I, ye herds I no more know;
No more for ye shall deep attention flow.
List! nor be mine adulation's theme:
Jove, ruler of the hearts and minds of men;
Nor Fessonia mine; she, cruel gods, afar!
Then humbly I, nor mount with Phœbus' car.
Ye melancholy groves to me alone,
And downy banks, returning to my moan;
Nor more Euphrosyne, or Eroto raise:
Cease, rural Florios, wreathed smile to praise.
Tis mine, ye Gods immortal, to deplore;
'Tis mine, ye nymphs, to weep my love no more!

But, lo! what swain doth this way now approach?
Help me, ye Nine! ye gods prevent reproach.
Ah! ah! 'tis Lycidas! sweet beauty's prime;
Tis he alone! but he cannot be mine.
Thus ended Corydon, and sit him down:
Oh, sad to tell, when every joy is flown!
And Lycidas came gayly up, as mirth,
Unknowing love's oppression from his birth;

Smiling said, Come, boy, come Corydon, the lute
Awaits thy hand, why linger sad and mute ?
When Corydon :—Ah, Lycidas ! how vain
Thy efforts being to abate my pain !
I once was gay, and laugh'd at love like mine ;
I once was gay, and laugh'd at humble rhyme.
Now fail my lambs, Tityro, and my sheep ;
And now, alas, I turn from them to weep.
Oh, dearest swain ! let not thy sacred hand
Corrupted be with trimble, or with wand,
With Hyacinth, or cowslips, twin'd about,
With daisies, nor blue voilets thy rout ;
Musk, roses, fragrant myrtles, cease to wear,
O, Lycidas ! and from thy bosom tear.
But, if thou can'st, say if condolement's thine,
Or is't thy mutual fate to share with mine :
O say ! O say ! thou Lycidas, declare,
Tell, if thou didst behold the Æther bear ;
Tell me, O swain ! a nymph, Amynta like,
And I'll consign to you the woes that strike,
And join thy echoes in the woody ray ;
To me impart, I trembling will obey.
Can we, responsive, trace her mansion out,
Malevolent Fates, retreating thus about.
As I've heard say, some spirits fly at night ;
And yet I doubt Amynta's dusky light !

Still,

Still, man's not form'd for his own Maker's hate;
Nor mine to doubt, yet I must doubt her fate:
O teach me! O Philosophy, come on!
The gods are just, or men always undone.
Here ended Corydon, wrapt deep in thought,
Adieu, O Lycidas! availing nought.
But Lycidas, determin'd not to leave
The youth he lov'd, of ev'ry joy bereav'd;
Which instigation causeth him to speak:
And cease, said he, O intellectuals, weak!
Nor ever wont to be as now thou art,
Then let me sympathize, and take a part.
Say, what removal now hath taken place?
What caus'd renouncement in the shepherd's chace?
Jove, and ye Nine; Pan, ye immortals, hear;
Appollo, Phœbus, whom the swains revere;
And, O my Coryd! you my only trust,
Remember, Gods for ever act but just!
Thus impressive, and sincere at heart,
Spoke Lycidas; and Corydon renew'd his smart.
No more I know impearl'd Melia's dews;
And I, alas! Aristæan pipes refuse;
Nor I with vesper loll; or Venus taunt, you see,
Shake rocid boughs, or wake the morn with thee:

No,

No, nor exult more at Aurora's breath,
Refulgent verdures, odours, meads, or heath.
Here ended Corydon—still slow, and sad,
While Lycidas aggrieved, saw the lad :
Thy lays are not Pastora's charms, O swain !
But unresponsive and obdurate pain :
Nor with Melissa sip the dewy tide ;
Cease these thy woes torpescent to imbibe ;
Crown rising Phœbus, and applaud my song,
Contending lays now cease with Corydon.
Libethrian nymphs come soft, and gently sing ;
Come, cheer his shades, the reed uneven bring ;
Narcissus fawn, and Corydon come gaze ;
Thou swain, admire once more those piping ways :
Invoke the groves ! and Marvel Eglabine,
And they will on thee lusciously recline,
Abundant will let flow their musky lymphs :
Melia chaunt, Lemoniades, and nymphs !
Like Amphion, all softly gliding on,
Come and give Pan his much lov'd Corydon.
Here ended Lycidas, when Corydon,
Ah ! ah ! thou feel'st nor giving me the more,
Amynta all ! Amynta I deplore ;
Nor more said he—when Lycid' thus began,
O sweetest youth ! O once admir'd man ;

What !

What ! leave amort Eubœan strains, and mute,
Unmelodious, fair Œlia's lute ?
Ionia's swains, too, cease to drive their droves,
Flocks heinous deem'd; avert it, O ye gods !
Thou Astral lamp, Arcadia's chief delight,
Thou humble swain, assuasive day and night.
Hence wretched woe impulsive ! stir thy heart,
Nor let Sylvanus longer feel the smart.
But Coryd' here did interrupt the youth,
O Lycidas ! averse to love and truth,
Thy voice no more in raillery repeat,
Thy heart, nor thee, no more I gayly meet.
The death of fair Amynta I deplore,
As Venus did Adonis, when no more.
Thus Corydon; when Licidas.—No more ! !
Come, take exhalement of the morning air,
Renew thy crook, abandon deep despair;
Illiterate obtusion begone,
And Phœbus will iliuminate thy moan.
Then as Tityro we our God will praise,
Imbrue our lambkins, and our incense raise.
Here ended Lycidas, when Corydon—
My songs no more with Lycidas I trow,
Pan, nor the reed, Sicilian muses know.
The dewy plains, Apollo, and the Nine,
Menalc', Demætus, and Palemon, thine !

Nor

Nor knows Tityro, poor Tityro dear,
How hard and inauspicious I fare.
Go Lycidas, and cheer my sister's woe;
Go tell Tityro, all of me you know.
But first thy hand, O Lycidas, then part,
Hesperus rising, fain would sooth my heart.
Here sad, and gloomy ended he,
When Lycidas began.—Unhappy me!
Fail harmony! fail pipe, and jocund reed!
Nor rural cheer shall haunt Sylvanus' mead.
Quit! quit! O Arethuse! thy impious shore;
Nor deviating Alpheus, know the moor!
Effulgent morn, expand no golden wings,
Shepherds their pipes, I've lost my lyric strains.
He, who surmounted once great Phœbus' car,
Sleeps now nocturnal, nor re-echo's far.
Return obnoxious, ye verdant hues;
For, in this youth a Nomius we loose!
Yet must, yet will, Pomona's berries sway;
Yet vain, and unsagacious, fall away!
When, when, sweet youth, wilt thou cease to deplore;
When cease to weep, Amynta is no more.
Sigh, Acidalus! Lycidas is poor;
Ye fountain Limnades, droop your heads demure;
And

And cease, thou Pan, to lead the valley jaunt,
Ye gods support, nor trembling nature vaunt.
Thus, deep affected, ended he, now low, and sad;
His countenance bespoke the feeling lad;
Mute silence kept in stedfast time the place,
When Corydon bid him hie to the chace.
O swain, behold sweet rising vesper come!
Nor would I thus detain thee from thy home.
With Horus go, with golden Phœbus fly,
Th' Hesperides, whose pleasing sire I vie.
I wish thee well, be bounteous, O Jove!
Bless Lycidas, O all ye gods of love!
Here left he speaking, and here still appear'd
Anxious for Lycidas to go rever'd;
But Lycidas, approaching slow and sad,
Did thus accost in gentle words the lad:
When wilt thou cease? ah! when cease to deplore,
And praise those gods whom once you did adore;
Nor said he more; for, positive the lad,
And anxious he uprose, with sorrow clad.
When Phœbus turns to bays! Venus grows mild!
Mercury fond! Diana, Venus' child!
Then, then, Amynta, cease I to lament!
When nutriment for nutriment is sent.

Here

Here ended he, down sitting on the bank,
Negligently resting on the dank.
Bid adieu to Lycidas once more,
Who musing sit beside him to deplore.
For thee I feel, O Corydon! he said;
But all I feel or say for thee is dead:
This to Menalca, Mopsy, Phil, I'll tell,
Demœta, Melibel, what woes befell!
Unhappy flocks! unhappy swains! now weep,
Appropriated Lycidas to meet.
Here ended he, nor language can now tell,
What his sad countenance did speak so well.
As resolute did Corydon renew;
For he, his present and past hours did view
With sorrow, and he bid adieu to all,
Saying, Thy tale aims but to make me fall:
Farewell then! O thou confident, farewell!
Inspir'd by Phœbus, go my woes to tell!
Protect him Jove, and all ye Nine, ador'd!
Protect him Pallas! Pan, the rural lord!
Here, to the gods commending, he the swain
Did rise with haste, to seek his woe again;
Alone to wander; alone to keep the hour
Of day, in grots; of night, in lonely bow'r.
Here saw Lycidas all his efforts now fail,
Nor song, nor sad condolement, could avail.

Poor

Poor Corydon, adieu! said he, adieu!
I'll hence, and supplicate the gods for you;
Here weeping, ended, and flew o'er the mead,
Poor Lycidas, to seek the nymphs, in speed.
While Corydon, in seeming happiness,
Fell on his knees, and thus did Jove address:
What others are, thou chiefest of my love,
Jove dwelling in magnificence above;
Thou Truth! Eternal Wisdom! thou Exact!
With gratitude in excellence doth act;
Hope, mercy thine; O Jove infinite clear!
Conspicuous, both extending far and near;
Abounding goods, but trifling ills pursue,
And follow us from this world to the new;
Then shall I cease Amynta to deplore,
To follow swains' shrill piping o'er the moor.
If so, O God! that love thou giv'st me now,
That love, resulting first and last from thou,
O take from me! and let retention fail!
Let every thing be new, or nought avail!

DEMŒTA

DEMŒTA AND MENALCA.

Scene.—A Landskip; DEMŒTA *and* MENALCA *discovered: their Departure, and Adieu.*

DEMŒTA.

Obsequious Menalc' ; I leave the flocks,
Spontaneous shrubs, and variegated heaths,
Thy slumbers mossy, and thy piping muse,
Expanded heights, and valleys low imbow'd.

MENALCA.

Nature's chief bloom ; nor raise responsive airs :
Attentive move ; chaunt laurell'd Phœbus' praise ;
Exile thyself; leave rich Palilian games ;
Or spacious lawns; Aurora's affluence sing.

DŒMETA.

Still thou keep Œgon's flocks, exult in hyacinth,
Where Hyblœan bees sip flow'rets around,
By trefoil flowers, intricate labyrinths ;
Nor I meet us'd; their folds I no more know.

MENALCA.

MENALCA.

Nor Phœbus, thou, nor Nine, resound in vocal charms;
Or join the circled ring, re-echoing Jove;
But rural Pan obscure, and Aspin heights,
Or Jove, Nine, Pallas, more delightful seem.

DEMŒTA.

Why should I breake the shepherds' humble shades;
Or strain harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps?
But I, no more a swain: Jove fills the whole,
Troas, Xanth, the elimental main.
He, sacred Father; and Menalc', by him
Aurora, Zephyrus, Æolus play,
Fierce Orion rolls, and seasons bend to him:
He, and he alone, Omnipotent!
Made Lybia fierce, and dauntless Albion,
Arcadia mild; gave echos solitary.
Like Phœbus, thou Menalc', and blushing hyacinth;
Nor cease to sing, with Cynthius, to Jove;
Nor cease to praise him with the golden morn:
He humbleth me; Urania he exalts;
Vitula, Astrœa, Fortuna, his.
He, comic Thalia, gave immortal string:
What to Demœt'? Pieria's mount inspir'd:

He, Mellissa, Pallas, to the groves did bring;
Mars made tremendous, Pitho eloquent;
Ceres, Volusian seasons gave; Clymene, night's
gloom
Hideous in shades, to scream in owlet's round.
Ascolia gave to Bacchus, Pluto hell's loom,
Menalca, rural sweets, Arcadian:
Nor Atreus, Pelops, Hippodamia,
Nor their long honor'd lines, so bless'd as thee,
Thou rural youth. Smiling Apollo's thine;
Thine, Cyane, Sylvanus, all Arcadia;
But Ægon's harsh, nor these, Menalc', I know;
Nor can I bear severe austerity:
Hence I my flocks forsake; hence weep, and lose
my friend:
Nor mine thou Syrinx nymph, nor mine to
cheer;
Or musing know thy fam'd uneven reed:
Or wondering hear the tale of Pan, and thee:
How, from Syrinx, the rural pipe arose.
Yet, oft I'll deign to sing of him and thee:
Of him, who first gave pipe to rural song.
Then will I weep, as now I weep, Menalca!
Remembering this my sad farewell to thee;
This last adieu, and this departing sigh;
Ah! then my heart from sympathy will bleed,
With every friend I leave a part of me;

And

And every sigh steals on my weary'd life.
When I reflect; but still 'tis mine to leave
The lyric branch of Micteus Antiope;
Ætherous mead, and sylvan Rusina;
Or hope to me thy rural pastures give.
Still I must weep: instinctive nature's cause
Is sad oppression, and illiberal ties.
Yet, I would Jove had soften'd Ægon's will.
Nor Satyrs please, nor Arion, or Narciss;
No flowering charms, melodious bestow.
Nor they to me harmonious do appear;
Nor mix in happy rural sympathy;
Nor discontent did ever knaw my breast,
Till sad oppression wreath'd my brow with care:
And thus dejected left me as you see;
Nor Vesper, Sol, or Tamarisk delight.

MENALCA.

Absolve, and pardon me, if I'm too bold,
Impart, Demœta, to Menalca, all.
Ah! ah! 'tis not for me to weep, and leave my sheep.
'Tis not for me to smile; Demœta's gone.

Why anxious thou, alas! to leave thy flocks?
Poor boy! why thus dejected? Come, forego
The care and sad oppression which thou feel'st;
Or, obsequious I, from sympathy must weep;
For, Nature universal reigns the same;
Her feeling and participation speaks
All other words in that same sympathy:
Unhappy I! O youth! forego thy care;
Nor sing discordance thus unknown to swains.
Thou said'st 'twas Œgon that despis'd thy muse,
And from him first oppression took its rise,
But cease to be obscure; the name disclose;
Nor longer be, Demœt' his name disguis'd.
Mystic to me, these specious wiles unknown:
Nor let obscenely torrents thus surmize,
Accumulate, and fluctuate again.

DEMŒTA.

An abject wretch, nor muses deign to hear:
If rural he, why swains pastoral scorn.
Abjection vile, unholy shrieks be his,
Nor worthy such to bear a rural name.

MENALCA.

Obscure be such, nor of Sylvanus bows,
Pan pipe, Cepheus chaunt, you again hold the dance,

Still

Still gay beneath Aurora's glimmering head;
Nor Acanth's shoots, Oread's frolics leave;
Nor fail your flocks, or nature's teeming womb.
Behold majestic she, exhaustless rise!
Nor pensive thou; sad, seek an uncouth tomb.
Jove virtuous, and auspicious around;
Benevolent and free his goodness rolls;
Nor herds impetuous, nor frantic sounds;
But sylvan piping, bends from pole to pole.

DEMŒTA.

Ye copious flocks, thick-laden box, adieu!
Menalca on spontaneous cypress bed,
Ambitious Ivy, thou Œgon worse, adieu!
Unbounded I, nor here more ruminate.

MENALCA.

Yet dearer than flocks to me, Demœta be.
Thy hand, thou weeper, thine alone I ask.
O sacred friendship! must thy ties be broke?
O no! but, still united, stronger be.
Long as retention, as her being here;
Thou Jove immortal, and ye Nine, protect;
To thou, and ye, belong our future joys!

DEMŒTA.

Or I forget Menalca, dear to me,

Dearer than flocks, Amynta, or the Nine,
Or Virgil with his soft Mænalian airs,
Or poor Tityro, lolling on the beach;
So dear Menalca, to Demœtus be;
Leave but my hand, my heart remains with thee,
Oh! cease with me to weep, thou friendship dear.

PAN AND APPOLLO:

OR THE

RECOVERY.

THE ARGUMENT.

Wherein Lycidas, with his companion Tityro, is, from instinctive gratitude, found giving praise to Pan, and Apollo, whose unremitted attentions, kindnesses, and civilities, during the pestilential indisposition of Lycidas, deserve more praise than the pathetic author of this ecclogue can give, under the faint appellation of pastoral simplicity.

Scene.—Egypt, near Alexandria:—Time, Morning.

TITYRUS *and* LYCIDAS *discovered.*

LYCIDAS.

Come thou, Tityro, Lycidas advise,
Lycid', the poor and humble, teach to rise,
To celebrate humanity's esteem,
Apollo's laurel, and great Pan serene;
Those, boldly daring, ventur'd to the grove,
Where pestilential madness still did rove:
These then should duly treble honor's claim,
Bearing in misery such human pain.
'Midst philosophic reasoning thus to die,
Or live but half a life of misery!
Nor mine so much to sing, an humble swain;
Great task! nor I to strains sublime attain;
Yet feeling thou, ah! ah! I fainly would.
Impulsive aid! eternal Jove I should.
O Feeling! thou susceptible to all!
Dictative thou, and penetrative fall.
Thou canst in silence mute cause tears to flow:
Thy inward force doth teach me how to know;
Doth cause the sympathetic sigh to rise,
While, softly rising up before my eyes,
Retention sweet, appear; come, and combine
Thy beams collected, ever-green to shine.

Ye

Ye make me weep ; ah ! weep in gratitude,
Wherein unspeakable sensations brood.
How have I toil'd, sweet obligated force ?
Arising from iustinctive nature's course :
How I have sigh'd ! how, Tityro, I weep !
How weeping thus, and sighing, knew no sleep.
Ah ! then, had sweet philosophy forsook,
Nor thee I'd known, or song, or running brook :
But nature, in goodness, kept me still a man,
To celebrate a * * * * * *, in a Pan,
And raise another in Appollo's name,
Both humane, good, affectionate, and tame,
To celebrate a * * * in gentle strains,
Can give but ease to Lycidas' sad pains,
Amidst grim horror thus existing still,
I sing upon the Lazaretto's hill.
By this alone 'tis I abate my woe,
And nature grows familiar as I go.
O happiness ! too exquisite to last,
Supporter of the future, present, past.
How is't, Philosophy, thy beams outstretch,
Surpassing far the sight of mortal wretch ;
Still in thy mercy giving him a glance,
A glance that bids him from the grave advance.

Such

Such Sympathy's own God did give to her;
She in her essence, mortal man to err.
Humanity instinctive, she instills;
But endless fault, she varies with our wills.
Diffidence, love, vice, virtue, feeling, she
Unconquerable diffidence in me,
Her own esteem; but chief, her God's just praise,
Her God's great sympathy, and all his ways.
Hence, must I sacrifice before I can,
Apollo's presence thus presume, or Pan;
Then Tityro tell, for, thou alone dost know,
What can I less, to generous hearts bestow?
What can I less upon my altar slay
Than those selected twelve you there see play;
Than those selected beauties I so love,
Surpassing others, far as Jove above.
What can I less? Speak, gentle youth, what less?
Look! look! what less to sacrifice and bless.
Innocent beauties! nature, sweet, and tame;
Ah! must ye bleed, to raise immortal fame?
Must ye sweet lambkins die, and I imbrue,
'Midst dripping tears, my hands in blood, from you,
What, would ye come! see Tityro, this must die,
This innocent, that never yet did vie.

Sweet

Sweet lambkin, choice of all the flock,
And this small flock a choice of Œgon's stock.
Sad thought! yet pleasing and fulfilling bliss;
Jove, for such lives, and Pan, knows happiness.
Yet still, O still! I would their envy'd peace
Would flow from them to me, and never cease.
Praise due, my lay would not the honor claim;
Of wreathing—now in a ——'s name;
Nor should I incense, then, prepare to raise
Or sweetest lambs, to raise the sacrifice.
Say, wilt thou, Tityro, make them bleed with me?
A liberal hand I will bestow on thee;
I'll thank thy friendship, and thy love sincere,
Explore thy gratitude, and learn to fear
Thy name in reverence, and thy wish obey.
Mine shall it be to help thy weary way,
To toil when you toil, to sigh when you do sigh;
To smile when you smile, and watch the lambkins by;
To weep when you weep, assist when you do want;
To share what thou wilt, and give thee of my scant;

To

To watch thy will, participate thy dread;
T'unfold at morn, and seek at eve, thy fled;
To sing at noon, and pipe with thee at night;
And to obstruct thy adversaries' sight.
This I will do; then say, O Tityro!
Smile, ay! thou Tityro, nor be my foe;
I ask no more, but consecrate to Pan,
Great God, the sacrifice of mortal man.

TITYRO.

Had thy request been careless to thy friend,
More happy I, unhappy thee to mend.
Twelve lambkins there selected I perceive,
Expressive in themselves; to what atchieve
Thou dost intend them, swain, to what good end?
The gods behold, I hope; hence I implore.
Innocents, ye would weep, yet knowing more.

LYCIDAS.

Ah! weep, sweet lambkins, I would weep, them too:
Would'st thou not weep, just Tityro, to view?

TITYRO.

Thou'rt just, poor Lycidas! I pity thee.
It is a sweet participation free:

Pity

Pity is free, and sympathy is love;
And both begotten of the same wise Jove.

LYCIDAS.

Tityro, accept my thanks; for that thou hast;
And may our future friendship bear the past.

TITYRO.

Doubtless, sweet Lycidas, an honor too
Begat, descending from the gods to you.

LYCIDAS.

No honor we do claim, but those of gods;
'Tis those alone make happy our abodes.

TITYRO.

A variation is a deed too great,
Nor dares such empire mark our humble state.

LYCIDAS.

Great blessing, may we live to glory's seat:
Our God! our God! may he still prosper it.

TITYRO.

A God! a God! for ever teach us how!
That God who gives this happy blessing now.

To this intent their mutual converse, they,
Shady beneath the noontide beams they lay,
Advancing each his own suggestions ease;
But still advancing, nothing more can please.

Anxious

Anxious for eve's approach, Lycidas sat,
Chiding Hesperian hours, and doleful bat,
As of a sad, and lingering delay,
As forming shades nocturnal, into day.
When Tityro,

Lycid', thou'rt too anxious far;
Ah! far too anxious, youth, chid not his car;
I too am young, haste not diurnal force,
Phœbus, great god of day, haste not his course;
Nor wage the dire anger of his mighty rays,
His solar gleams, his noontide sacred bays.
Bless'd God! creative of eternal Jove,
In this small part our happiness doth rove;
Child of the sun, would'st thou not see thy God;
But make a chaos of thy bless'd abode?

LYCIDAS.

Stay! stay! what wouldst thou, Tityro?
'Tis thine to stay, not to increase my woe.

TITYRO.

See then joy, and flocks sporting! Nature now
doth teem;
Beneath Sol's radiance, beatitude doth gleam.
See! see! just Lycidas, and behold!
Look! see thy God in every herb unfold!

LYCIDAS.

LYCIDAS.

Ah, Tityro! Tityro! happy! happy me,
Tityro, thrice happy! bless'd in God, and thee!

Thus they in social love still pass the hours,
Till, lull'd by winds, they sink beneath the bowers
Senseless in sleep, reviving in its arms.
Profound they lie, udheeding beauty's charms,
Lycid' and Tityro, companions sweet,
From cares, and toils, as midnight nature, meet.
Soft hous'd they lie, nought their sweet balm disturb'd;
All quiet, still, all is to them unheard.
Here Jove beheld! just God! and saw their prime,
And pitying those degenerate sons of time,
Mercury call'd, Olympia's height ascends.
When Jove his voice in awful thunder bends;
His voice in awful thunder they convey;
Around the rural scenes of Pan they stray;
Pan from great Jove in sov'reign voice they hail;
From Jove, O Pan! whence flocks and peace prevail;
To thee our course! to thee we come intent.
Jove hails thee, Pan; and we, thus humbly sent,
Obey his sov'reign and eternal will:
Obedient to his call, obeying still;

Whence

Whence animation, and these bless'd abodes,
Whence sprang eternal wisdom, and the Gods,
Bade us hie hence, nor spare the nightly flight,
Haste, and surpass th'approaching shades of night.
The generous action I heard without reply,
Axious swain, and diffident to try.
Haste thou to Pan, the impending offering tell.
Pan, the great god of shepherds, knows him well.
Mercury, haste, 'tis nature's best effect,
'Tis this coherent passion I respect.
The generous action go disclose to view,
Twelve lambkins his intention to imbrue;
These to great Pan, this eve he means to rise
This sacrifice of feeling Pan surprize;
His honor to the Gods is duly paid,
Humanity's esteem makes him afraid.
Jove pitying, sent me Mercury thus by;
Nor doubts, but thou wilt all his wants supply.
The gods forsaw in sympathy this youth,
Foresaw his love sincere to Pan, and truth:
For these twelve lambkins he has labour'd hard,
Spare but these twelve, and all his worth is spar'd.
Jove spoke in awe majestic, and we flew,
His essence ubiquatary we knew.

Thus

Thus ended he: now, to Olympus' height,
Imagination's self must paint the flight.
Here Pan's increas'd beneficence did swell:
Revolving Pan the youth collected well.
And thus in awful tone forthwith he broke;
And thus his rural sympathy invok'd.

PAN.

From Jove! from Jove! Attend, ye swains, attend.
From Jove! from Jove! ye humble nymphs come bend.
Great God, how just! how just, Eternal Pow'r!
Great God of rural sports, and pagan hour:
Almighty thou! unnumber'd worlds attend,
And thy great influence the smallest end:
Swains, nymphs, pipe, harmony, and reed,
Advance your jocund songs, resound the mead.
Arcadia smile around, in beauty shine;
Let ev'ry joy, and ev'ry sweet be thine;
Stand round me, ye who consecrate your themes
To Jove, to love, to peace, and happy dreams.
Join glee with mirth, your song with rural sports,
And let discordance envy your resorts.
To ye I call, bless'd train! ye heard from Jove,
And pitying felt the ardour of his love:
Then haste, accomplish---stay the lads just view;
Haste, give him peace, surpassing that he knew.

Go, welcome him, let him join in your trains,
Teach him the joyous reed, and pastor strains,
Go, tell him, says the wise presaging Pan,
Hence, go, embrace, and call him no more man;
But tell him this is fiction in himself:
The great intent is on the just behalf
Of his god Pan, so noble, just, and true;
Of his Apollo, and his sacred hue.
Go tell him, never, never, to be vain,
Or triumph in the honours he may gain;
Or trample on the honour of his gods;
But learn to know his flows from their abodes.
Go tell him, adulation is base pain,
That secret knowledge is instinctive gain:
Go tell him to maintain his liberty;
But never with his gods to be too free.
Respect grows wise, from unfamiliar talk,
As gods grow social in an absent walk.
Terrestrial sons, think not poetic fame,
No! no! 'tis truth, the guidance of my pen.
Think not poetic fiction dwells in this;
Names speak no fiction, truth our happiness.
My gods can witness, witness, when I die,
Their testimonies are existing by.
Still, still, it is the great attempt I sing
Of Europe's sons, to save Europa's king.

If

If their attempts are vain, then must they fall ;
Still, still, Europa would the same in all.
Think not, O men! I here exaggerate,
In Afric's soil, I've seen Europa's state.
The Levant woe, and Asiatic fire ;
None would she seek for, but her own desire.
Oh! could another Saviour burst from men,
Nor pestilential ire would know us then.
Immortal such resolv'd, immortal kine ;
Come, with humanity your strength entwine ;
Resolve this life to leave for thousands' rest.
Great Jove! humanity still deems the best.
What's poetry? imagination say,
Compar'd with this, 'tis but an idle play.
Say, what are arts, what sciences, to those
Nobly resolv'd, and daring to oppose?
The world astonish by their human plan ;
For, all their study is the love of man.
Who would not sing, such men, such men adore?
Reflecting still, still giving them the more.
Who firmly thus explore the cause they would,
The hidden mystery, by nature rul'd.
Thousands must die, amidst such mis'ries shar'd,
And such by thousands still must be rever'd.

PREFACE

TO THE

FOREGOING PASTORAL.

IF you think I have made too free with my gods, if I have introduced them where they ought not to be introduced; if I have given them that which should not have been given to them; if insinuation, adulation, or assumption, has taken place; then I am lost, and can speak to my gods as to my brothers; and this circumstance, least of all; for, it will tend to discourage, instead of encourage, and all knowledge of nature and myself is dead; then in her participation has this instinctive mistress misled me. Her qualities are not the qualities I imagined they were; her powers are not original; her participations are unjust; her motions are not uniform; her actions are mere deviations; her instinct is irregular, and unavailing; and her sympathy is non-co-operative.

Prove

Prove one of these instances, and all parts and powers are utterly abolished. Man is no longer man; reason, reason; or philosophy, philosophy. Nature is lost, and sympathy dead; and I am an atom deviating in the general course of nature; have formed artificial, instead of instinctive and co-operative verse; and, like many other non-instinctive diminutives, must fall. But, no, I will maintain, that this is not the present case; for, I wrote from a power, and an exciting propensity in nature, matter, and form; a power compelling, perceptible, and instinctive, and gravitating towards its centre; not with a view of gaining manly or worldly esteem, but the esteem of humanity; not to gain, by insinuation, the favour of my gods. Although this sympathetic and uniform power is theirs, I have this participating and co-operative essence in my own bosom, as warm as imagination ever put forth its glance in a truly-good man, formed naturally feeling, and philosophically wise, I see its immediate power, and I feel it, a propelling virtuous property. It is this property that I esteem; take it from my gods, and I would turn indignant on them; and I would spurn at kings if they had it not; for, it is base indeed, as some adulating men do, to

buy friendship by flattery or unworthy praise, It has something too hard in it for contentment, and the receiver is condoled but little by the base compliments of the donor. Hence the necessity of following the steps of nature, and uniformly dispensing with adulation. For my part, I must say, with David, (varying the application of sense,) "it is too great for me; I cannot attain unto it, O God!" But, leaving this deviation for others, I can only say, if I have deviated, nature has deviated: and, to make my pastoral good, if this be the case, an impossibility in non-existence must be rendered a possibility, or a possible co-operation in uniform matter. Respecting the laws of poetry, I believe I have not importantly transgressed on them; but these bear a boundless uniformity in nature; and, as we change the scene, so we must vary the notes upon, and the characters existing therein; for, those laws alone are set about that have been laid down at various periods, as one generation follows upon another, led entirely by fancy, to form such conjectural combinations; and these combinations rather serve to check than aleviate the propensities peculiar to mental perseverance; and I can see no reason why a natural poet should not live with

natural

natural laws, as well as a poet of art by artificial: and I believe there are but few who would not give Shakespeare the preference to Addison; and Spencer (for the inclination of nature) to Pope; for, we find him, and some others, bound by facility, nor endeavouring to undermine or over-reach nature, or aspire in emulative strains their fellow-creatures, in nature blessed, unfortunate in art! Hence gently as she grew up dictative, I followed, adhered, and grew up under her influence. She readily became familiar, and I indifferent to look on art. Therefore, if I have transgressed on the rules of poetry, it is a natural, not a casual or intentional, intrusion on the privileges of mankind, for which I suppose I shall be buried in ignorance and faults; and yet my characters are all peculiar to pastoral poetry.—Pan, Apollo, Tityro, and his friend Lycidas. As to what passes between Jove and Pan, is unrelative in itself to the pastoral, and peculiar to gods alone; and this peculiar principle is universally maintained, and perhaps multiplied to worlds, without number. The pastoral is supported by characters appropriate, and proper in themselves. Jove does not speak in the pastoral; but then Mercury does in the words of Jove; and

even this circumstance incurs but a very faint difficulty. The shepherds themselves do not converse with Jove; and it is well known that Mercury has often visited shepherds on his own account; and why should he not visit them on account of his god? And, if this trifling circumstance can be naturally, philosophically, or poetically, accounted for, or granted, the whole difficulty is over; for, I know of no other throughout, either trivial or important; unless Lycidas at first is represented as speaking too much, too tedious, and too long. But this, like many other occurrences in poetry, must rest dependant upon the decernment, peculiarity, and adjustment, of the reader's natural and co-operative propensities.

DIONE.

DIONE, MELIBEE, AND THYRSE:

OR

THE APOLOGY.

MELIBEE.

HOW didst thou first become the oaten reed,
To sing, Dione, and pathetic bleed?

DIONE.

Sometimes I'm social, and familiar too;
Sometimes I'm loving, and surpassing you.
Sometimes ye say I speak harsh jarring sounds,
And lose my sheep in those uneven bounds.

THYRSE.

Oft hast thou told, Dione, oft told me,
Inviting anxious Milibee to thee:

When

When nothing flow'd relative of thy tale,
How wrought your cause, and how you sought the vale:
Joyous or sad, unhappy man or not;
If Jove will'd mirth, or grief, or peace thy lot.

MELIBEE.

Our confidence as shepherds, long ere now,
In rustic frankness we perform'd our vow.
Why still dost weep and bear a heavy heart,
When smiles are thine surpassing nature's part.
If thou wouldst ever smile, we'd know thy will,
Thy smiles from Jove, thy sorrows differ still.

DIONE.

Do my sweet sorrows so far differ thine?
And do my smiles thy woes so far outshine?
Still, still we're happy, boys, a-keeping sheep,
Smiling; or, while they stray, we pipe or weep.
Of Amarilla speak, or smile the woe;
Alexy feels, or make our feelings flow.
And wander with the exil'd Melibee;
Poor swain! Ah! Melibee, far this from thee!
Far, far from thee this woe, O happy swain!
To thee, sweet Tityro lolls in idle pain.
Oh! what a train of luscious sweets might here
Progressive rule, and idly learn to fear.

Sweet

Sweet lambkins sporting round. — But where's thy sheep?
The ewes and rams our absent hours do keep.

THYRSE.

Curs'd absence! Where's my flock, and where's my sheep?
My flock, Dione! Melibee, my sheep!

MELIBEE.

Patience, good lad; will they attend thy call?
Will they attend thy social pipe's shrill call?

THYRSE.

Oh! wretched shepherd! Bad, ah! bad indeed.
Dione, Melibee, where is't they feed?
Say where, O shepherd bad! where is thy flock?
Hapless they've stray'd, and mix'd with Ægon's stock.

MELIBEE.

Ah! cruel, cruel prince! he sheer'd my mother's few.
Vain she implor'd, and vain her weeping hue.
Austere, he smiling bade her home, away!
In vain she wept their accidental stray.

THYRSE.

THYRS.

Then give, Dione, all thy joys to me,
For, I am wretched, happy still you be.
I dare not venture to my cottage home;
Peace! I dare not. Still be it mine to roam.
Yes, yes! I am an exile, doom'd to weep,
Nor smile, Dione. Melibee, my sheep!
If they have stray'd, and mix'd with Ægon's!
Oh!
Here ends my bliss, and here begins my woe!

DIONE.

There leap thy rams, lo yonder brinky brake.
And, lo! thy butting ewes at yonder stake!
Oh! joy transcendant! Peace and joy still come.
Still Thyrse, Melibee, and Dion's home.

MELIBEE.

And yonder, too, the Spa, lo! watching those.
Fine dog! he speaks their bounds in his repose.

DIONE.

We may converse; and happy, Thyrse, be;
Thy dog is faithful, and thy flocks, to thee.

THYRSE.

Happy, thrice happy I! Oh! faithful dog!
He knows their bounds, beneath is Ægon's bog.
Beneath

Beneath the hill, whereon be lies asleep;
And that's the only path to force the sheep.

DIONE.

This is the shepherd's court, where virtue reigns,
Surpassing worldly love, or worldly gains.
Still how he wept at cruel Ægon's part!
It was that terror prince that shook his heart.

THYRSE.

Now Spa, Dione, Melibee, and friends,
Your truths coherent love shall make amends;
And to be joyous now shall be my pains,
Unless ye force me, by your simple strains,
To weep in fiction what in truth I know,
By feeling's pow'r: for, I felt the blow.
Ah! joyous I now meet my father's dome,
Sweet court, where flow'rs attribute their home.

DIONE.

Where odours waft their sweet cohesive force,
And careless nature leads transcendant course.
A happy court. Oh! Thyrse, learn to know:
Strive not from whence, for thee alone they flow.

MELIBEE.

Dione, wreaths of sadden'd unknown sport,
Thy features speak to us another court.

DIONE.

DIONE.

Is it my features or my looks you mean?

MELIBEE.

It is your countenance' dictative mien.

DIONE.

Oh! nature, varying in thy looks at court,
Coherent looks, and incoherent sport.
But sure my looks cohere with thy resort?
I would not be, O Melibee! distort.

MELIBEE.

Indifferently thy looks surpass our view,
More graceful far than nature's rustic hue.

THYRSE.

Art happy, Dion', in our social way?
Thou happy lookst, art happy, Dion'? Say.

MELIBEE.

Thou askst as thou wouldst have him say he was.

THYRSE.

I ask'd as I would have him say he is.
But well thou knowst he's not a boyish lad;
Nor diffident to speak, if good or bad.

DIONE.

Happy, thrice happy Dion'! social mirth!
Coeval such, nor sacred with my birth.

THYRSE.

I do not comprehend thy force by this.
Is't joy or mirth, or wretched happiness?

MELIBEE.

Is't love alone, or sorrow's grief behind?
Is't banishment or force thus tears thy mind?
Is't little care to please, or care too great?
Or is this too incompetent a seat?

DIONE.

Mistaken words, or misapplied sense,
May be creative of incompetence:
May instigate our grief, or joy, or mirth;
Our banishment, our love, or sorrows birth;
Our care too little, or too great our toil,
May our own happiness and others spoil.
Happy, thrice happy Dion, with ye swains!
Be ye to please, whate'er ye think my pains.
Be ye, whate'er my sorrows seem to be,
Happy, thrice happy, Dion', bless'd in ye.

MELIBEE.

And rural sympathy still makes thy day?

DIONE.

Ah! ah! resolv'd in rural peace to stray;
Quiet my all resolv'd,—

MELIBEE.

Resolv'd, you say?

DIONE.

Ah! ah! resolv'd to seek another day.

THYRSE.

What day? Hadst thou a day in night before?

DIONE.

No, no; a night in day. But let's no more.
Resolv'd I quit, resolv'd I sought a home;
Revolving quit, and, quitting, found this dome.
Revolve again I would, for this same sweet,
Again resolve such happiness to meet.
Such happiness as this I ne'er could view;
For, midst contentment, sad oppression grew.
I quit, I quit! But, Oh! forgive me more.
I quit oppression's wreath, and sad deplore.

MELIBEE.

Then smile, and smile, for ever smile thy peace,
For smiles are thine, then smile nor ever cease.

THYRSE.

Come, for a song let's pipe, and idly vie,
Let ev'ry sound in love dictative fly,
The poplar stands now 'neath its shortest shade,
And yonder sleep the sheep beneath the glade.

MELIBEE.

Anxious my windy reed doth wait each will,
Wilt Dion' sing the ram, and dog at ill?
Correcting Thyrse loves to have it still.

THYRSE.

No Dione's friends, our flocks are ever here,
Departing Dione's sighs let us revere.

DIONE.

Ah! sad departure of my friends at home;
Why would'st thou force retention to their dome?

MELIBEE.

Thou wilt, O Thyrse! Thyrse still thou wilt,
Unconscious Thyrse, all his sorrows spilt.

THYRSE.

The sad departure of his friends at home,
Chiefly, O Melibee, thou wish'd t'would come.

DIONE.

Sad servitude; unconscious friends ye sleep,
Whilst weeping still my toilsome hours I meet;
These toilsome hours no more I know or feel,
These toilsome hours I never did reveal;
Oh, cruel man! illiterate old man!
Oh, avarice! and sordid vice ye can
Rob me of all: but secret Nature's force
Will still compel, and still direct her course;
Nightly I spell, and nightly learn her pow'r,
Lonely sequester'd in an humble hour;
No school-boy's song, or tutelary aid,
I live to learn, but secret duties paid;
And secret instinct still directs my way,
By influence guided, and by light's array:
Oh, cruel man! illiterate old man!
Nor wilt thou let me sing of sheep at heart,
Nor wilt thou let my pipe the notes impart;
Nor wilt thou let me learn my Tityro,
Or Grecian fire, or Italian flow;
Oh, cruel man! illiterate old man!
These I must know, but know you never can.

MELIBEE.

MELIBEE.

Unconscious of the rural scene didst stray,

DIONE.

I liv'd oppressed in my honest way;

THYRSE.

Was't by indenture's force oppressive, say?

DIONE.

'Twas 'neath Apollo's love-begotten child,

THYRSE.

Say in what school then was it you grew wild.

DIONE.

Midst Æsculapian wits, unsocial ties;

MELIBEE.

Ah, sad to tell, truths are abused lies!

DIONE.

'Twas light and sympathy upheld me then;

THYRSE.

But tell me how this happen'd, where and when?

DIONE.

I liv'd to know, nor found a social hour,
In no one's breast but in my bosom's bow'r.

MELIBEE.

We pity thee! and pity thee indeed!
Pity's too late! and thou hast now no need;
Yet still our pity may a welcome find,
'Tis pity, free in innocence of mind.

THYRSE.

We wait in anxious pity for thy tale,
Pity is all! and pity knows the vale;
Whence art fled, in pity tell us that,
Be piteous then, and tell us how, or what?

DIONE.

An uncle rob'd me of the all I had.

THYRSE.

Was't 'fore or after this oppressive sound?

DIONE.

'Twas landed property, twelve thousand pound.

MELIBEE.

This was a wound for thee immense indeed;

DIONE.

It was a wound too small for it to bleed.

THYRSE.

O Nature! ever feeling! ever true!
Nor could thy conscious pity force its hue!

DIONE.

Instinct and influence long had left his heart,
No pity, reason—pity had no part.

MELIBEE.

Nor thou no form of law, or holy deed,
No father's force hadst thou, no mother's speed?

DIONE.

A widow'd mother, helpless, I had then,
But uncle's cruelty outran her pen;
My father died, Oh, cruel hasty death,
My father died, ten children breathe his breath;
Ten little babies he did leave his worth,
Nor could the eldest call his tenth year forth.

MELIBEE.

Had Nature then no influence to persuade?

DIONE.

She had her motive's own impressive aid;

MELIBEE.

Resultive of what effort on thy part?

DIONE.

Her adverse laws did teach me all their art.

MELIBEE.

Did it not teach her heart's sad tale in thine?

DIONE.

It taught me men and manners to outshine.

MELIBEE.

And what is this, a native power flown?

DIONE.

I know that power philosophy my home.

MELIBEE.

And what is this philosophy to man?

DIONE.

A power relative what to shun or scan.

THYRSE.

But say, is this the whole of thy sad tale?

DIONE.

This part, O Thyrse! I no more reveal:
The widow'd mother feels the smart till now,
We live unconscious of the heavy blow;
Taught not my mother's sad oppression's theme,
Her I lamented, and her bosom keen,
While yet, being young, as her sad story told,
Oppressive love had made her sixteen old.

Sad

Sad tale, I wept; she weeping did relate,
Deploring this her loss, and this her fate!
Thus she would press her tender children round,
And kissing each, would weep them all around.
And with her ringlets, now in careless sport,
She'd wipe her eyes, or to his grave resort;
For, when her little babies did all sleep,
She would deceive her maids and thither creep;
Nor being miss'd disclos'd where she had been;
To watch, a strict attention now was seen;
Her maids were order'd to attend her course,
But grief excessive still deceiv'd their force.
Oh! love surpassing! Oh! excessive love:
How strong thy ties extensive pow'r doth move;
Oh, grief! Oh, sorrow! knitting ties with earth,
Oh, love too great! and noble from thy birth;
Sincere in truth surpassing far to live,
Nor can she, death, thy cruelty forgive!
For, now aloud the widow'd mother weeps,
And now deplores, and now aloud she weeps!
Free from fear suggesting nightly dread,
Upon his tomb she rests her weary head;
Her sad domestics' wearied search at last,
Doth force them fearful to the tombs they past.
Her husband's spot approaching first they seek,
Repos'd they find her fearful still to speak:

When thus her handmaid's voice was heard to say,
Oh! loving mistress! mistress, come away;
Nor dwell with horrid apparitions here,
How is't thou couldst have courage to appear
In such a place, and at a wretched hour;
Nor all thy servants courage have such pow'r.
As waking on her bed of down at home,
Her powers' imagination forc'd her home,
And thus bewilder'd in her reason speaks,
Unconscious of the tomb her children seeks.
Come here, sweet babes! Babies haste to me.
Come, and deplore thy father's fate in me!
Ah, death! fair death! hadst thou but taught me how
To wreathe a web coherent with his brow,
Ere this to die, these little babies then,
With their sweet budding reasons had not been
Thus multiply'd; or their dear father gone.
Thus saying scream'd, and weep'd aloud to groan,
And ye sweet innocents your father gone.
Oh! fate enur'd long ere we were conjoin'd,
Thy mis'ries heaps did all appear combin'd,
But dy'd in this sweet babe's, your father's look,
While yet ye liv'd in endless mercy's book;
While sighs did break my heart, and parents' course
Had long forgot their youth's cohesive force.

And

And hers to weep! to scream, and weep again!
While we her innocents did force the pain.
And now she's dragg'd from his reluctant tomb,
A baby still unborn contains her womb;
Pity great Nature! pity's sympathy!
Then let thy pity grow in sympathy;
For, now an infant seven months old is born,
The mother wretched, and the child forlorn,
For nature has no nutriment but grief,
And sorrow now is pity's own relief.
While anxious care now calls her children forth,
And vain the feeling maids attempt their worth,
The mother still will see her childrens' smiles,
Concealment's vain, and all their artless wiles.
Sad news the handmaid now must bear to her,
Dejected anguish, and dejected fear.
Her children sick of some peculiar ill,
Influenc'd by nature's own coherent will.
Thyrse and Melibee, in pity melt,
Unconscious me of what the mother felt,
Still weep'd for her, and she resolv'd to see
Us one by one, and one by one did we,
Behold her counterfeiting smiles and thought,
Cohesive nature had her features sought.
Happy to our sick beds did we return,
Some jealous of the newborn baby's turn,

Some

Some forc'd by pain to weep, while some do smile,
Some slumbering lie, and some do talk the while,
Some join her dying powers course to see,
Pity, domestic pity, Melibee!
Now bleeds, and joins her annual wound with us.
Days, weeks, and months, run yearly weeping thus.

MELIBEE.

Our mellow force will but increase thy woe.

DIONE.

Your friendship social never thus can flow.

THYRSE.

I would I had the whole of thy sad tale.

MELIBEE.

Oh, Dion! Melibee would weep us pale.

THYRSE.

Ah! to participate and weep with him.

DIONE.

Why weep? I am thrice happy with such kin.

THYRSE.

Even thy blithest countenance did seem
To wear this task, and carry something green.

DIONE.

DIONE.

My mother still doth hang her head for him,
And weeps her melancholy still unseen.

THYRSE.

Bless'd be thy mother, swain! bless'd her sweet babes!
Bless'd her coherent and concordant waves!

DIONE.

Bless'd be ye Melibee, and Thyrse dear!
Bless'd be ye happy swains whom I revere!

THYRSE.

Ah! ah! poor Dion! Dion! Melibee,
Dion! Dion, in acceptation free.

DIONE.

By reason taught afflictions self grew mild,
Adversity familiar to her child;
Guide me philosophy in all thy ways,
Be mine to keep, retentive still the bays.
In force cohesive, and superior pain,
In joy, or peace, or sorrows adverse gain.

THYRSE.

Just as thou talk'st so would we have thee mean,
For, with these looks familiar hast thou been.
Intimate,

Intimate, and social, penetrative too,
Our idle lays we may improve from you;
May influence, and philosophy thy aid,
Partake our songs, in partial truths array'd.

MELIBEE.

Teach us this secret powers great combine,
Unite our friendship, and our lays with thine.

THYRSE.

The sun-beams hot! its beams force idle play,
We smile, and weep, and pipe, and laugh, the day.

DIONE.

Happy! thrice happy swains that thus can change
Smiles to tears, and pipes to laugh, and range.

THYRSE.

But give us of thy song if't be to weep,
We'll smile, and laugh again before we sleep.

DIONE.

I'm happy when I am attending sheep,
Philosophy still teach me how to keep.
Thyrse and Melibee how to conjoin,
Be all their love and all their converse mine.
Oh! had I but, but been employ'd before,
Tending sheep, and shepherds converse o'er,

More

More sound philosophy, or happy bliss!
From whom, or what, then, swains exact you this?
I can but say, and all I wish to keep,
I am most happy when attending sheep.
Familiar, gentle, soft, pathetic they,
Social with nymphs, and swains coherent stray,
Midst converse, dance, and vieing pipes they play,
Oh! worldly dreams, while ye I woo'd I learnt;
Ye parts degen'rate how to shun I learnt.
Your incoherent negligence and dread,
Your force expressive, and your wretched bed.
Has Nature cast a shade in man alone,
All parts and powers to destroy by one?
Wise shade in man, too wise in man I think,
Too just in nature's ignorant non-instinct.
Oh! pow'rs impulsive! ever just indeed,
To hide in shade that which their influence need.
Hence painters learn by art with thee to play,
By thy great light and shades alternate stray.
Their glory lives by thy defective smart,
And all our knowledge is to act thy part,
And lose ourselves in that same influence,
Whether by light, or shade, or competence.

THYRSE.

Thou speakst as unintelligent would be.

MELIBEE.

Intricate this, a flowing pow'r free.

THYRSE.

His own propensity and nature's law.

MELIBEE.

And yet we comprehend not that he saw.

DIONE.

I would ye well, O Thyrse! that I would,
I would ye were not Melibee thus fool'd.

MELIBEE.

Thy fooling is a just attentive pow'r.

THYRSE.

Proceed, and fool us in thy happy hour.

DIONE.

Why would ye have me thus proceed to say,
When idly both attend my open lay,
Hapless I'm fool'd, and sportive of thy day.

THYRSE.

THYRSE.

Thou art creative of our sports indeed;
In joy, or mirth, or grief, or sorrows need.

MELIBEE.

Think not, O Dion', we deceive thy lay,
For we attentive watch thy doubtless way.

DIONE.

And ye are ever ready to attend;
Then do not flatter, Thyrse, and I'll mend.

MELIBEE.

Why, Thyrse, intercept his song? Declare
Attention due, or else thyself prepare.

DIONE.

Faith! sooth! just youths, I will proceed my lay,
Ye both direct my far superior way.

THYRSE.

Come, give me of your something what you please.
Your something or your nothing, Melibee's.

DIONE.

Thou, Thyrse, saidst thou wouldst attend my lay,
And thou, O Melibee, unhappy play?

MELIBEE.

MELIBEE.

Why, did he challenge me as nothing worth?

DIONE.

It was a hapless moment sent it forth.

THYRSE.

Go on, Dione, thou art ever just.

MELIBEE.

He has our loves sincere and true, I trust.
Thyrse, thy hand: let friendship keep the spells,
And let us watch the flowing sense he tells.

THYRSE.

Thy lays attentive we attend, O swain!
Endeavouring we thy spelling sense to gain.
The sun is past its high meridian now;
Come, let's be seated 'neath this brinky brow.

DIONE.

Come, swains, amuse me with your jovial mirth,
And may your songs become the shepherd's birth.
Let's tune to Jove! I would a song were play'd!
Light, and our God! Light our important aid.
Effusive Thyrse, ysmpathetic move.
Come, Melibee, let's tune immortal Jove.

THYRSE.

THYRSE.

Would'st, Dion', call me bare non-competent,
Or I abuse thy comprehensive bent?
Be more familiar, frank, and open, swain,
Digressive rules form incoherent pain;
Nor place a light where thou should'st place a fir,
For shepherds' names do not exist by Sir.

DIONE.

Then would ye have my sweet departure, swains?
I would your peace would grow in my sad pains.
Name but my songs, and, if your heart prefers
Where owls do vie with frogs, and frogs with firs,
I'll give ye, then, the ram fast in the bog,
And place, cohesive with the same, thy dog.

THYRSE.

Discordant with our tutelary ring,
Not that, Oh! swain; that song we cannot sing.

MELIBEE.

An emblem sooth, and comprehensive gain,
Familiar all to shepherds and the plain.

THYRSE.

Pleasing and lovely to the lowest mind,
Instinctive born of heav'n, but earthly kind.

MELIBEE.

Influenc'd by that which taught thee humble rhyme,
Participating, simple, and sublime.

THYRSE.

Led by that influence through the vary'd scene,
Of labarynths, and brakes, and briars green.

DIONE.

Sometimes superior essence would ye have,
Forbear this part and superficial live;
Sometimes ye would, I keep me to the plain,
Here truth is just, for ever here remain:
Art vary'd in your simple songs like this,
And do they thus cohere with your request?

THYRSE.

We would thou should'st like this partake thy strain,
For, easy words force parts coherent gain.

DIONE.

And would ye then I should go on in this
Loquacity, I fear too much amiss?

THYRSE.

Say, Melibee, he's diffident withal.

MELIBEE.

MELIBEE.

I would, Dione, thou did'st fulfil our call.

DIONE.

Oh! may I learn in truth and time to rise
Simple in lays, and innocently wise;
Still reason lives, reason, philosophy,
Melibee, and Thyrse, nature by.
And love, and grief, and sorrow, are our course,
Led and propell'd by a superior force.
Sympathy, light, and light, eternal Jove:
Jove! the great god, and donor of our ways,
If philosophic, or poetic lays;
If partial, general, or social ties,
And nights alternate still proclaim our vies.

THYRSE.

Reason with us in more familiar part.

DIONE.

To swains discordant, Oh! my well-meant heart.
Nor school-taught pride now doth improve my lays,
Nor pamper'd learning's artificial bays,

THYRSE.

Can'st thou proceed in more familiar sense?

DIONE.

Whence live creative of non-competence?
Say, whence we shepherds timely thus for nought,
Taught to shun ignorance by idle thought,
And social power by incompetence?

MELIBEE.

Art just Dion' in every word the sense?

DIONE.

Adherent words grow just in competence.

THYRSE.

Thine is propensive, and peculiar those.

DIONE.

Nor dare such properties coherent foes;
Say, why the day more baneful than the night?
Why should design forsake perceptive light?

THYRSE.

Proceed familiar, competent, and free,
Social extended influence to be.

DIONE.

Influence and sympathy still condescend,
Then force thy path, for instinct has no end;

Still

Still let's maintain our elevated strength,
And still admire the shepherd's simple length;
I'll learn your songs, nor seek to know my own,
We'll have some joy with fate, or chance to come;
Each leading ram upon his back shall bear,
And tender lambs expose them to the air.
Unless instinctive nature finds her gains,
They shall be beat, and dash'd by winds and rains:
I wrote unconscious of the lines I made,
Resolv'd I seek'd, and found the shepherd's glade;
Yet influenc'd was, and forc'd by idle time,
Sometimes I sang in prose, sometimes in rhyme;
This still being young, and often sit unseen,
To count the ringlet flowr's in vary'd green;
To see them close at eve, unfold at morn,
I oft have been accus'd of sloth and scorn;
In nursery dome for passing hours away.
I have been kept in indigent array!
Preventing love, and maiden nightly charm,
I liv'd unconscious of the just alarm.
Fancy allur'd, and I attended her,
Nor knew the restless maid's sad anxious care.

THYRSE.

A beetle, or a butterfly, my herd,
Or punishment unfeeling to a bird;
These I would teaze, and with them sport and play,
And rob my scholl to force the tender spray.

MELIBEE.

'Twas mine to force the mother's toil at home,
To sigh, and weep unconscious toys to come.

DIONE.

This is growing instinct's vary'd aid,
An influence direct, or reason stray'd;
When feeling buds, and sense partakes its course,
By art directed, or by nature's force:
Thou, cruel Thyrse, and in all thy ways
'Twas parents' duty to advert thy plays;
Melibee sportive in his idle toys,
Indulgence great, destructive to us boys;
I liv'd oppressive in my homely care,
Ready to please, and diffident to share.
Two parents bless'd, and happy both in one;
Short time, ten years, creative of ten young.
One yet unborn; the wretched mother lives,
And still deploring, she the husband grieves.

Who

Who now by force inherent lies amort,
And features of distress here grew distort.
No more his feelings now expressive beat,
Nor knows the wife's sad trembling kiss so sweet.
For hearts like each, and sacred feelings clad,
It is too tedious, and too long, and sad.

THYRSE.

Thy mournful lay, Dione, we prefer.

MELIBEE.

Is't honest truth, relative truth to fear?

DIONE.

It is a care coherent with her now.

MELIBEE.

How chanc'd an incoherent pow'r to grow?

DIONE.

'Twas partial incoherency in fate.

THYRSE.

I would'st thou did'st the parts supporting state.

DIONE.

'Twas sympathy upheld her in her grief,
And partial woes supported her relief.

Concordant pow'r, her children join'd the strain,
They did increase, and still did ease her pain.

MELIBEE.

Who taught thee human love and hopes annoy?
Who taught thee pain in sympathetic joy?
How sought coherent and coeval time?
How learnt coherent and coeval rhyme?
Intricate sense, and force superior fam'd,
Clymenes, and bats, and nightly guests you nam'd?

THYRSE.

Melibee, would'st approach incompetence—

MELIBEE.

Not that alone, but truth's benevolence.
Oh! honest Thyrse, meek incompetence
Cannot approach our sympathetic sense;
For, Dion' trac'd this loving pow'r to Jove,
Simple, and easy, and sublime did move.

DIONE.

Thyrse, I would thou did'st relieve me now,
My hours are toilsome, and I weary thou.

THYRSE.

Nor Melibee, Dion' lead on the way,
For thou canst speak of light immense, and day.

MELIBEE.

MELIBEE.

Him first creating form'd it, shepherds, thine,
Unconscious reign'd before in ev'ry line.

DIONE.

And that's like men who toil, and toil to know
Their own existence whence, and how they grow.

THYRSE.

We will confirm thee in the last, but say,
How worldly parts could form such manly clay;
Or say, how smiles and sorrows do cohere,
Or negligence forms unsusceptive fear;
Relative of what weep'st, or how thou smil'st,
We'll tell thee various shepherds' laws the whilst.

DIONE.

I fear ye will not thank me for the small
And bear intelligence I have in all.

THYRSE.

But teach, Oh! Dion', truly how to prize,
Melibee and Thyrse how to rise.

DIONE.

If ye will intercept, and join the strife,
I will relate to ye my tale of life,

For

For man, philosophy, and reason meet,
But still, Oh! shepherds, let's forsake that sweet.

MELIBEE.

Then still thou dost prefer the lambkins by,
And still with sheep dost thou adhere to vie.

THYRSE.

Wilt see rams butt, and drag th' unruly spa?
Wilt hear the tender lambs and sheep cry ba?

MELIBEE.

Parental sorrows still surround the vale.

MELIBEE.

And give thy sympathetic life in tale.

DIONE.

Dear parent! Oh! thou dearest parent good,
Dear mother! Oh! thy weeping was my food;
Unconscious still, we all deplore with thee,
And weep thy annual wound in sympathy:
For two long years thy love did weep for him,
Oppressed by thy cruel parents' kin.
In two long years thou didst attain thy love,
Reluctant still thy parents saw him move.
But love, oppressive, forc'd their harsh consent,
And meagre love, and sighs repeated, bent.

The

The man approach'd, Oh! Passion love too great!
Nor speech was heard, or heart was felt to beat.
For seven long days apparent life's retreat.
When gentle motion knew thy weary'd starts,
Supported by thy handmaids' sadden'd hearts,
The man awaits, and fearing to disclose,
He waits instinctive nature to impose.
Their cruel parents' harsh consent at last,
After six months severe confinement past,
His loving words in humble voice convey'd,
Was still too strong for the oppressed maid.
Oh! love excessive! and destructive good,
Living on delicate and partial food!
Oppressed love, thy ill-confined space,
To thee is nought but lives immense in chace.
Thy sole confinement is creative pow'r,
Increasing love in sad oppression's hour;
Here sympathy doth in her cause run mad,
Confinement still doth love in armour clad,
Existing, and supporting life by fits,
Oppressive love! thy mem'ry still exists!
Now do they both, ah! now they meet again!
She screams! and both supporting, fall in vain.
Oh! joy excessive, wouldst thou kill such love?
Such killing love descending from above;

To

To melt the stoney hearts of parents' force,
Instinctive nature will maintain her course;
Oh! let me done! I must deplore indeed,
Oh! sad attempt! vain, vain attempt in need.

MELIBEE.

Nor vain we feel thy space cohesive force,
Effectual participating course.
It is attractive pow'r in itself,
Thy songs are ever mournful in behalf
Of sacred mirth, and holy joys to come,
We'll seek for Phillis, and our joys at home;
And from the vale we'll lead the rural sport,
Up to the hill, and Bacchus shall resort.

THYRSE.

But where is thy apology for this?

DIONE.

A single repetition is amiss.

THYRSE.

Ah! then we'll weep, we'll weep and smile thee swain,
We'll weep and smile, condolement be thy gain.

PREFACE

PREFACE

TO THE

FOREGOING PASTORAL.

I HAVE no doubt but I shall be accused, even in my apology, as deviating from pastoral simplicity. What is pastoral simplicity? Is it dependant on pastoral poetry? or is pastoral poetry dependant on that? or does simple ignorance, and competence, co-operative in power, form original or occasional pastoral poetry? Or what is called perfect pastoral simplicity? Or should pastoral verse be made up of coherent ignorance entirely, and peculiar pastors, living and dying in bogs and fens? It may do for those who keep sheep, and fell woods at the present day; and this is natural ignorance, or incompetence; yet sufficient in power, social, and familiar. But this does not form natural poetry. For, even the most simple minds, have some idea of Jove, and this simplicity of perception, and susceptibility of mind,

mind, hath forms and ideas peculiar to its god. And many of these would become exalted, and uniformly natural, if they could write and read: they have ideas, they have instinct, they have influence, and partial or general perceptions. Respecting things, they have their peculiar powers and properties. They have extensive reason, and many of them considerable philosophy, all familiar and peculiar in nature. But she has so involved these powers active, and passive, as to render them unconscious, uncontemplative, as being secretly co-operative with her principalities and powers. It is for the general harmony of parts, and evidently for an increase of strength, cultivation, and many other principalities, are supported by these peculiar propensities, adherent to her general order. These men are blessed in the courts of nature equally as much as the wisest philosopher, and partake of his feelings; and are, in a diminutive philosophy, as happy, and as great, as any that ever lived. Indigent parts and powers, are alone hateful to some end, and wretched to their own; because their propensity is a deviation incoherent with all ignorance, social and general order, simplicity, and nature. For, the best men are very often simple and low born, while

while the worst and most indigent are affluent; for, there is, universally, a distribution of vice amidst this affluence, dimication, revelry, debauchery, irregularity, fear, negligence, incompetence, hatred, dread, pride, shame, envy, and malevolent principles; and these indigencies are sacred and profane. When the most simple man, and low born shepherd, is pityful, toyful, social, loving, contented in domestic truth, and happy in his labour, his sheep, his oxen, and his children, and these are coherently uniform with nature, and yet they live neglected and unstudied, and often despised by those who are possessed of incompetent affluence, when, on the contrary, they might find immense study, in this little field of physical and social duty, if they would magnify them with the same glasses astronomers do the solar system. For, their ideas are relative to their obscurity; they never understand the acting principles of worlds, but they understand what they have heard of different sheep in different nations; and have thereby a universal perception, and ideas tending to infinitude.

By this means parts and powers were first sought after, led in idea by natural instinct, compelling and actuating matter with matter.

Investigations

Investigations became more profound—Sympathy taught nature to seek her God in coherent truth. Thus arose deity and sublime; and this peculiar power was adherent to shepherds; this is vindicated in Abraham: it was by instinct and influence he put his gods away; and Moses, who was versed in all the learning of the Ancient Egyptians, the first school of arts and sciences, was a low born shepherd, meek and humble, tenacious of that influence which Abraham embraced by nature, till his conscience became vindicated in its God. And shepherds appear to have been cohesive, even with the birth of Christ; hence the influence of sympathy, deity, and sublime, is peculiar to all parts and powers, and adherent to the most simple ideas and perceptions. Greece, Italy, Sicily, Cyprus, Rhodes, Persia, and Egypt, with many other parts, furnish us with instances peculiar to simple minds of this kind. We sometimes hear of kings forsaking their thrones to enjoy rural simplicity; and again, we hear of those who enjoy this simple life, being taken from it and placed on thrones. This David had witnessed himself, and has acknowledged it in one of his psalms: "Lord, thou takest down one, and putteth up another!"

But

But these shepherds were good men, like Nestor, Moses, and Abraham; for, in these countries, shepherds were often their greatest, most intelligent, and most noble, men; simple, yet competent; simple and sublime! Their princes have taught the plough, and their kings have happily condescended to tend their flocks! This is beautiful, noble, and sublime, in man indeed! These were not partially indigent, but these lived in order, light, and love; the princes and regular lords in nature, and were consulted for truth like the ancient oracle of Apollo. But poetry and history do not afford us many instances of this sublime and beautiful relation. These people were competent; and, if these people had composed poetry, it would have been burnished with a more perspicuous imagination; as we see by David's poems, Moses's poems, Isaiah's poems; and as we should have seen by Abraham's poems, had they been handed down to us; with many others: and thus the simple imaginary power of shepherds must gradually have become more perspicuous and comprehensive; adding sublimity to simplicity, and philosophy to profundity; for, the more familiar we grow with gods and goddesses, Pans and satyrs, sublimities and profundities, the more

beautiful does this interspersion co-operate and assist simplicity; and it is difficult to support and perform without this elevated power: and I farther believe it to be almost impossible when once these parts and powers have been rendered cohesively familiar; for, to maintain attention and support pastoral poetry, the language must be more or less elevated than that of low-born shepherds, who are not ignorant non-instincts, but ignorantly instinctive. Language must have expression and action to co-operate with our feelings, and to elevate our ideas in perfect perception. Improved language may be simple and pure, and should be studied in the English, artificially; for, it is good language that gives us more noble and clear perceptions, and elevates our ideas beyond the reach of simply idle, low-born, words, and is the only distinguishing characteristic between man and man, degenerative to quadrupeds. But artifice in nature can never exist in simple or social poetry. Her own line is dictative of her own bounds, being competent to her indigencies and perfections. Man alone appears familiar with the former; hence his parts often lie like a mass of brimstone unapproached by light,

light, being touched, flies like lightning, and is gone:

For, as the night's sublime outshines the day,
This sense coherent marks the shepherd's way.

Simple natural knowledge is superficial without its properties of attraction and power of expression; as we see in these lines:

Go, Gam, and see the sheep put in the fold,
The wind blows very hard, and it is cold.

These lines are natural, simple, and pleasing, but they are not beautiful and engaging; they are pathetic, but they are not moving. Why? Because the language is inadequate, and the attractive expression, and action, perspicuity and strength, are inert; owing to simplicity of expression alone. They are unaffected, and hence they are peculiarly attractive; but barely exciting, but unaffecting amidst this uniformity of cohesion and excessive simplicity: when the same sense, given in adequate language, may be simple, beautiful, and sublime, — engaging, pleasing, and pathetic, — unaffected, and universally affecting, attractive, competent, and uniform.

Go, see the lambkins and the sheep are penn'd,
Their tender fleece cannot the wind defend.

Negligence, incompetence, and idleness, appear to have been given shepherds, as natural propensities, by art, to preserve their ignorance, and what is called pastoral simplicity. Shepherds of the present day are ignorant, we know, of the solar system; and so are the philosophers of all ages of light beyond conception. Reason and natural propensity, instinct and influence, philosophy and poetry, have been and still continue the same in principles, proportionate and uniform; some being maintained by simplicity and innocence, and some by an elaborate strength; some by indigence, and some obscure these by negligence and intemperance. If we could reverse these partial operations in the human system for a time, I believe we should have more sound philosophy; as we see by Dione in his apology; the whole course of it being philosophically negligent. But, wishing to accompany the reader, he weeps occasionally; but then his song is a varied apology; and, moreover, as he would not interpret what he knew in supposition, seeming, or conception; for, being happy in his philosophy,

phy, he appears as he would forget toils and cares as by instinct, and natural propensity to happiness. But occasionally he is found losing himself in the powers of retention, merely to apologize again. And the anxiety of Thyrse and Melibee to know would extend to immensity if possible.

TITYRO AND PHILLIS.

PHILLIS.

THOU art, swain, so fickle in love,
Inconstant to rural resorts,
Hence I my affection do move
Far from thee and all rural sports.

TITYRO.

Thou Philly, my confidence, Oh!
Why disappoint thus a poor swain?
Say, and I'll more diligent woo;
But promise with me to remain.

PHILLIS.

Did not I see, Tityro, thou,
And at the Palilian game,
With each nymph there couple and vow
(As now to me) you will remain.

TITYRO.

Yes, truly, so false I have been;
And, while my imprudence I name,
Thou art she alone in esteem,
Thy excellence all I do claim.

PHILLIS.

By Hippomene thus you did seem,
Ere now vow'd by her murm'ring head;
As now I have innocent been,
While a heart like a Daphne's you've had.

TITYRO.

Each Melian nymph of the Morn,
Each satyr that walks by the eve,
Each lad that to piping is born,
Attest the love I for you have.

PHILLIS.

Amynta knows how I would weep
At morn and reclining of day;
How vain my attempt for to sleep,
How dejected at night I would lay.

TITYRO.

Arcadia list my complaint,
Delusive my mind shall not be;
From my father proceeds the restraint,
Retentive contending with me.

PHILLIS.

Fond youths, like Tityro, deceiving,
Their beauties sufficient to charm:

Or exile poor nymphs yet believing
Duplicity's ill-fated charm.

TITYRO.

By sylvans and satyrs, I vow
No Pans nor no sylvans shall please;
Till Phœbus illumine thy brow,
Till Phœbus bestows on me ease.

PHILLIS.

Ingratitude often before
Responsive its love hath declar'd;
These lays but renew my dolore,
Those tales which so often I fear'd.

TITYRO.

Then, must I the flocks bid adieu?
Phillis' love and her friendship sincere;
Nor once more my fortune renew,
In happiness her to revere?

PHILLIS.

Thy flocks like me thou hast forsook,
Thy ewes twice a day I have milk'd;
Sill ungrateful on me thou dost look,
But henceforth thine no more I'll milk.

TITYRO.

TITYRO.

Then be it mine to weep, now be mine
Each unjocund lay for to scan;
With sadness my lute to entwine.
Oh! Love, thou seducer of man!

PHILLIS.

Not love, chid thy error, false youth;
Benevolence thou dost abuse,
Diligence, love, and sweet Truth;
Duplicity's shades thou dost choose.

TITYRO.

Then Tityro's Misery's boy,
Mirth withholds her rapturous arm;
Now folly and deep fear annoy,
And anger's unsocial alarm.

PHILLIS.

Lo, yonder thy ewes, see how faint!
Lo, yonder thy little lambs see!
Thou unfaithful, what is't you would paint?
Thy cunning, Tityro, I see.

TITYRO.

Thy judgement, I would it were fit
As elegance is for thy face;

Then

Then justice unbiass'd would sit,
Nor mark sincere love with disgrace.

PHILLIS.

Hence! hence! unobservant false swain!
Go, drive thy poor ewes to the streams;
Lo! yonder thy lambs are in pain,
Exposed to Phœbus' hot beams.

TITYRO.

In sympathy I behold them,
By the feeling of nature deplore;
And by that instinct I'll cool them;
But shall I find favour the more?

PHILLIS.

Such influence, hence, swain, adieu!
I'll leave thee, thy flocks, and milch kine;
Unfeeling and cruel are you,
Nor love but hate dost thou combine.

TITYRO.

For Phœbus, ye lambs no more lie,
For Tityro all now imbrue;
From the flocks, swains, and nymphs, now I fly,
Nor Phillis her love will renew.

PHILLIS.

And then, Oh! then must I deplore;
Think you by the fates I am bound,
For ever to weep you no more,
Nor let the reed vocal resound?

TITYRO.

Ye enemies, vices to love!
'Tis vanity, jealousy, those;
These thou charming Fancy must move,
Or rural sharps henceforth repose.

PHILLIS.

No, gentle Tityro, attend;
Let rural improvements increase;
Let harmony wait her command,
For ever let discordance cease.

TITYRO.

Now diligence shall be my care
All Phillis' obligements to pay;
Who's nature is modesty fair,
Love's allurements, and beauty's array.

PHILLIS.

Then let love and beauty be one,
Felicity charms my swain's breast;

For,

For, thine I will be now alone,
Henceforth with each gratitude rest.

TITYRO.

My flocks, my delight shall be thee,
Reflective at home or afar;
With love I'll live, beauty and thee,
Till Pan fail, and Phœbus' bright car.

MÆRIS

MÆRIS AND POLLIO:

OR THE

OCCURRENCE.

SCENE, *Morning.—Mæris and Pollio discovered.*—Mæris, having overheard the Lamentation of Pastora for her Palemon, relates the occurrence to his friend, who has been prematurely acquainted with her excessive affection, by discovering a knowledge of the same in her own words.

MÆRIS.

HOW happy, Pollio, we do meet at morn!
How is't that some are happy, some forlorn?
How is't I heard Pastora o'er and o'er,
Repeat again, — " Palemon I adore!"

Then

Then wip'd her eyes, then sit her down again;
Then pluck'd a daisy, weeping then again.
And seem'd so anxious for Palemon's name,
That she wrote ten times twenty o'er the same.
Then each compar'd, still diffident to tear,
Still undivided which of them to wear.
At last, upon her soft and tender breast,
That name so sweet she did suspend to rest.
All those remaining now she view'd the more,
Upon each piece she put the word *deplore;*
Then scratch'd it out because it was not fit
With a name so much belov'd to sit.
And now she pil'd them on the daisies gay,
And wrote upon them all the word *away.*
Till this time, Pollio, I could not believe,
That love had so much influence to deceive.

POLLIO.

Nor, Mæris, know'st thou what it is to love?
In ev'ry shape it diff'rently doth move;
It smiles, it weeps, it sings,—and now deplores;
Now seems as it would hate,—and now adores.
What thou hast said of love I now believe,
'Twas t'other morn I saw the maid thus grieve.
When Aurora, blushing, rear'd her golden head.
The lark forsook its nightly bed and fled,

Then

Then lost Pastora from her cot was bound,
Delightsome home, with shrubs a blooming round;
A verdant lustre covered the earth,
And op'ning odours sent their moistures forth.
Yet nought availed balms delicious spread,
For, Albion's murmurs were to Pastora dead;
And wholesome airs diffusing sadder woes,
Deep care and dark assuetude mine those.
She said, — "O youth! I would thou wert inclin'd
Anxiously as me to be combin'd.
Dull woes I chaunt, and doubtful shapes awake,
Still with the gayest nymphs I must partake.
Weary and sad, depressed, poor, and low;
Sicilian nymphs did never know such woe.
But why should I their happiness alarm,
And weep Palemon where he does not charm.
I'll hence! Alone with Arethuse I'll trow;
I'll hence, and ask her what of him she know.
Nor beauteous no more can nature teem,
When deep-veil'd night and glooms are flown serene;
While Palemon unconscious meets the morn,
While sad reflection all my joys adorn.
Despair, unbeneficence, and pain,
While hours unintelligent remain!"—

Thus

Thus said, she did invoke the gods above
To teach Palemon what it is to love.
Here left I; but, returning soon, was seen
The maid deploring low upon the green.
I stopp'd, because I did suppose her here,
Weary'd by love's malady and fear.
She'd wander'd from the place where first I saw,
Her eyes and busy'd idle dreams which have no law,
By love's enchanting and increasing pain,
Had so by fancy led her through their train,
That she was weary'd, and she fell to sleep,
Having crept softly to the poplar steep.
There pray'd for night's profundity to reign;
For, in her hand I found this little strain,
Which told the tale to me I so well knew;
But I anon saw Palemon and flew;
Still kept the words, and have them by me now;
By these you'll see what 'tis to love, and how.

Why thus, ye Gods, let Palemon
Thus rob me of my rest?
Ye Gods, let me see him and soon,
The youth I do love best.

For

For him I've toil'd myself to sleep,
At least I weary be;
And, when I rise up from the steep,
May I my lover see.

Thou Venus, let me sleep in peace;
Thou Cupid teaze my love:
Love, in me let thy tempest cease,
I pray, ye gods above.

But now secure, I saw the youth approach;
As she'd describ'd, his lineaments were such.
Her he approach'd, her he did now adore,
And he with various buds a present bore.
By flow'rs he a wonder neat had made,
In erudition wrought the graceful maid.
He now came near, now stole a gentle kiss:
Agreeable divinity was this!
The maid awoke: her tender feelings now
Presented thus.—And, with an humble bow,
Her extasy and his for thee I leave,
If it be possible such to conceive.

MÆRIS.

Pollio, let's no more of this song now,
As Phœbus cheers the misty mountain's brow.

POLLIO.

At noon I'll see thee, to the vale resort;
At noon I'll see thee when the flocks do sport.

MÆRIS.

Sun-beams then fierce, and make the valley sweet.

POLLIO.

As fire to winter, vales to summer heat.

MOPSY,

MOPSY, DAMON, THYRSE, ALPHESIBEE, AND ELIZA;

OR THE

CONTENTION.

DAMON.

THEN let each man his numbers now begin:
Alphesibee and Thyrse strive to win.

THYRSE.

His be Eliza whose lay she likes best.
Remember, Damon, and take you the rest.

DAMON.

Thus ends your taunts, Alphesibee, this task.
Thyrse, thy lay, or Alphesibee's I ask.

ELIZA.

Begin, Alphesibee, at Damon's voice;
Him follow Damon, Thyrse Damon's choice.

I, poor Eliza! lost 'twixt death and life,
Will tend, O youths! your sweet and humble strife.

ALPHESIBEE.

I for Eliza will bear Phœbus' heat,
For her I'll toil to get abundant sweet.

DAMON.

Ægon I'll front, and I'll oppose the seas,
Ravenous wolves, Thyrses, Alphesibees.

THYRSE.

I'll attend Eliza, and I'll keep her sheep;
For her morn, noon, and eve, shall Thyrse weep.

ALPHESIBEE.

For her, Pomona's choice I'll bring the while,
And so until she deigns a single smile.

DAMON.

I'll pipe exultive, distending ev'ry vein;
For her, to Phœbus I will raise my strain.

THYRSE.

The crook select that Cepheus gave to me,
Charming Eliza, shall revolve on thee.

ALPHESIBEE.

ALPHESIBEE.

Feed goats for her, for her Amynta sing,
Ye nine, returning Phœbus with the spring.

DAMON.

For her rise Vesper; Venus, bring thy sweet;
Nymphs, swains, Pan, Pales, at her sight re-
treat.

THYRSE.

Trefoils bow; Arcadians, cease to vie!
Eliza's near! Thou Arethuse, too, die.

ALPHESIBEE.

Gaze, all ye flocks, and tender shrubs reply;
Ye laurels droop!—Eliza's coming by!

DAMON.

Menalca sighs, and Tityro despairs,
Give Lycid's, Daphne, Mæris, each new airs.

THYRSE.

Paleme, Dæmet, Melibee, dance around;
Thou Pallas, and ye fountains, her resound.

ALPHESIBEE.

Let every heart with sweet Eliza burn;
Let every nymph and youth repeat altern.

DAMON.

Rest, crimson dies, around her beauteous cheek,
And tell what fair Eliza fain would speak.

THYRSE.

Rushes in harmony, myrtles in perfume,
Emitting fair Eliza's name, resume.

ALPHESIBEE.

For her, charm Arion; Daphne, bring thy lays;
Raise honours due; and her, Oh! Orpheus, praise.

DAMON.

For her, boys vie in rustic airs to beat;
Ye Nine, responsive echoing songs repeat.

THYRSE.

Let Amarilla and Mopsy her attend;
Let Damons, Daphnes, and new Thyrses, bend.

ALPHESIBEE.

For her, ye gems and summer blooms entwine:
For her, Love, Phillis, Phœbus, and the Nine.

DAMON.

Murmur chrystal from the Alphean stream,
Let Lucifer and Hesper own their queen!

THYRSE.

THYRSE.

When I cease praising, folly say no more,
That wisdom's self no longer may deplore.

ALPHESIBEE.

When I neglect let swains foresee their mien;
Let fools all cease to hie them to the stream.

DAMON.

Cease bats to vie with owls, swains with songs,
When I stand by and see Eliza's wrongs.

THYRSE.

Cease pines to vie with poplars, hates with loves,
When I—But, Thyrse, now admire, Eliza moves.

ALPHESIBEE.

Ye valleys spread, Vallonia's fruits I claim,
The mildest carpet let her feet sustain.

DAMON.

Let Phils and Floras beat paths on their knees,
May Damons, Thyrses, and Alphesibees.

THYRSE.

Her give Apollo all thy laurels due,
Ye gods, Eliza, sing her name renew.

ALPHESIBLE.

Her Pollio raise, and in immortal rhyme,
Her strife be this, sweet Polyanthus thine.

DAMON.

For her bleed heroes! Bœtia's mountain fall,
And valleys rise obedient to her call.

THYRSE.

For, she it is alone governs the teat,
For her graze flocks, wave odours all your sweet.

ALPHESIBEE.

For her bleed lambs, for her new altars rise,
New incense waving to the sacrifice.

DAMON.

For her bleed Damon, all thy blood imbrue;
All this will I, Eliza fair, for you.

THYRSE.

Toil, Thyrse, toil, till life no more can cheer,
Till all thy love and vitals disappear.

ELIZA.

Cease noble strife, ye swains, some other day
I will determine each responsive lay.

DAMON.

DAMON.

Decide it now, Oh! sweet Eliza, tell
Which best doth please, which swain of us excel.

ALPHESIBEE.

Eliza said, the pipe and reed should end
That youth her love whose lay she did commend.

THYRSE.

Eliza called us here remote to see,
If Damon, Thyrse, or Alphesibee.

ELIZA.

Oh! noble youths, your lays have equal due,
My love as equal poising tends to you;
As we did meet,, Oh! swains, let us depart,
Each one, as heretofore, shall share my heart;
Shall pipe with Amarilla and with me,
A morn and neontide innocent shall be.
Eliza speaks, nor ask no more, Oh, swains!
Unless your blessings you would turn to pains.

MOPSY.

I, Mopsy, poor appropriated dame,
Must break this silence if it breaks my shame;
Attempt once more, sweet youths, attempt ye Nine,
To tell on which Eliza's hope shall shine.

DAMON.

DAMON.

I to Eliza bend, Ah! make request,
Oh! wretched I, to be Eliza bless'd!

THYRSE.

Poor Thyrse, he no more Eliza fails!
Nor sov'reign balm, or love itself avails.

ALPHESIBEE.

Eliza thus selected us to see,
If Damon, Thyrse, or Alphesibee;
Thou diffident, Eliza, I implore,
Speak! speak! or I Alphesibee's no more.

ELIZA.

Oh! wretched state, Oh! state of woe indeed,
To choose a lover while my heart doth bleed.
But Damon, him I loved from my youth,
Swain Damon, his I must commend in truth:
And yet I thee esteem, Oh! Thyrse, dear;
And thou, Alphesibee, thy lays revere!

THE

ANCHORITE AND VITULA:

OR

MIRTH AND SOLITUDE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Vitula, ruminating, meets the Anchorite, who reflectively accosts her, and therewith attempts to shew the emptiness of mirth, and the unsolid basis of the Vitulian realm; at which the exasperated goddess unveils her predominant passion, and in the utmost vehemence, yet plausible accusations, she detects him with many unquestionable faults, and destructive inducements.—He again attempts to shew her short duration, when Vitula once more renews her poignancy; till at last, satiated with revenge,

venge, she remembers the universal line, and feeling, as evidently seeming, conscious of its highly beneficial and powerful effects, henceforth ceases, and in becoming admiration beholds the Anchorite, who now began humbly to invoke his scattered beauties. She, awed awhile, forgets her state; after which, the hermit returns to his cell, and Vitula, now with her train, unreflective, profusely seeks new pleasures as before.

The ANCHORITE and VITULA.

As gay Vitula one day
Was sporting with her train,
An humble hermit did essay
To tell her sports were vain.

Smiling said, Oh! teazing foible,
Promising so much,
Yet, Oh! empty mirth, how little
Thy gifts men find them such!

Next he to Vitula did turn,
And, with a hermit awe,
Did ease his breast, which then did burn
With what he wildly saw.

Accosting,

Accosting, said, terrestrial born,
For whom was made content,
List ye, who turn and look with scorn
On its calm tenement.

Nor know ye how to choose the good,
Or to refuse the bad;
Some woo the solitary wood,
And some the part that's mad.

Where there is nought but prating lies,
And growing sick at night,
When such transcendant phantoms rise,
As wake the dimmest sight.

List, ye suitors, as inconstant,
Like the fickle moon;
Pleasures of a faithless instant,
Changing, and dying soon.

Ye affluent, I would ye were
As happy as I am,
And not so often let your vougues
Abound in more than man.

Here contemplate I nights in peace,
The days, too, pass in love,

Let

Let Vesper, or Aurora cease,
I ne'er cease praising Jove.

Paternal Father of this globe,
He sending fancy mild,
Here, here rests its unconquer'd robe,
Lo! wrapt around the child!

Will ye partake this calm retreat,
This quiet seat with me?
If not, I pray thee homeward beat,
Contented will I be.

And leave me to my quiet cell,
Where I've repos'd for years,
And by a reverential awe
Hide safe from human cares.

Go, Folly's sister, learn to paint,
And play with vanity,
Go, tell her solitude's complaint
Is not credulity.

Why shun these shades, Oh! suppliant hue,
Where contemplation is,
Emerging from the lofty blue
Of high Olympius?

Sequester'd

Sequester'd here from billows' roar,
Men feel a silent charm,
Adoring heights, triumphant soar,
Quite free from all alarm.

How oft the pensive mind doth steal,
And tranquil onward beat;
While heav'nly shapes themselves reveal,
And mirth repugnant meet.

Hous'd Nature, Wisdom's architect,
Doth humbly deign delight,
While Coryd' with Alexy set,
Doth give a new delight!

Alas! but when, alas! I view
These scenes all o'er and oer,
I weep, that like the morning dew,
These scenes will be no more.

Plaintive and sad thy woes rehearse,
And cause thy nymphs to weep;
Ere long thy vociferous verse
Unvocally shall sleep.

But, hail divine philosophy!
Hail smoothest beam of light!

With whom I live; and, when I die,
Lives thy eternal light.

With me the chaste, the fond, demure,
Live tranquil from the world;
Truth and radiant virtue pure,
By them my cot is rul'd.

Will ye not list to cherubs good?
Will mirth not list their tale?
Who love to paint the lonely wood,
The blossom in the vale.

Ah! Ah! but little here below,
Ye Nine, nor that right well,
Ye Nine, but little here bestow,
Or we but wrongly spell.

Yet mirth and solitude shall turn;
But, what a task to tell!
How hard, how purify'd to learn,
As light o'er dark excel.

Vitula, leave all revelry,
All dimication mad,
And hermit vault the azure sky,
Know solitude's not sad.

It

It is a pleasing god of dreams,
It lovely truth imparts;
With shapes unnumber'd ever beams,
Strange to obdurate hearts.

It has responsive airs to cheer,
And solemn charms to please;
A lute, a pipe, a reed, is here
To soothe the ev'ning breeze.

Mine Aracynthus, or the dale,
Hesperia's lays are mine.
Now tell, O Vitula! thy tale;
Say, if these shall be thine.

Or hence! nor break my silent air,
Vile degenerate crowd;
Wake! neither cause no quiet sphere,
Their course to chime aloud.

Yet look to envious time, O men!
Say now where's Milton's dross?
Say now, where's inspiration's pen,
Or where the mortal loss?

The gain is nought, the loss is less,
'Tis at this day the same;

All that we seek is happiness,
And that but empty fame.

Jove wills it so, time yet must be,
And still it bids prepare :
He faithful takes Euphrosyne,
And beauty bids beware.

Our brightest days soon glide away,
Unravelling our schemes ;
We quickly meet another day,
And dark night wraps our pains.

Mirth, inglorious, think on time,
Ere angry death's bold mien
Doth waft us to another clime,
Tranquillity serene.

Thus ended, Vitula did speak,
Nor longer deign'd to hear,
In madness did upbraid the meek,
And scorn'd his vile career.

Vain presumption ! vain abode !
Bane of human nature !
We will not taste thy weighty load,
Consummate strange wild creature !

'Tis

'Tis wretched solitude dwells here,
Quick will I flee away;
For, here doth dwell a debt too dear
For Vitula to pay.

Next, turning to her various shapes,
She bid them tune their lyres,
While she'd steal on the hermit's shades,
To fill his breast with fears.

Thus saying, hermit, did she call,
Why boast thy servitude?
We cannot court thy shades at all,
Nor will we woo thy brood.

Vain, alas! thou Stygian see,
And born of dark midnight;
What peace the gods they gave to thee,
That peace hence from our sight!

Sure none can dwell in caverns dark,
Nought but eternal gloom;
To thee unsocial is the lark,
Each animated boon.

Nor angel forms will ever seek
Eternal Ebon shades.

Oh! Solitude, why thus bespeak
On earth a renegade.

Let reason, reason take repose,
Inspire each faculty;
How think you good can betide those
Who break society?

A falsely penitent forlorn,
Humanity, where's thine?
'Tis here, alas! so wretched born,
True virtue will not join.

Remember what to others you
Indebted are by fate;
That good, which you to others owe,
Pay, ere it be too late.

Man's born to meet toil and deep care,
Likewise bold fortune's frown;
We learn to joy, and vile despair
Likewise them all to drown.

Nor solely woo the dismal cave,
But mirth and peace announce:
You essential beings leave
And social joys renounce.

Unjust,

Unjust, alas! the life thou lead'st,
Oh! Anchorite, of woe!
Domestic virtue is the best,
Nor vile as you bestow.

How, how, alas! doth Jove yet brook
When men for ever swerve?
All happiness we overlook,
'Tis little we deserve.

Earth's paragon, turbulent still,
Still wildly goes astray:
Ye gods! ye gods! yet why so ill
Doth perseverance sway?

Come, bid avaunt Erebus' mist,
Let rising sadness 'lone;
The course of nature you resist,
To languish and bemoan.

Turn sister, solitary mole,
Sequester'd from the world;
Here cease, thou exile, cease thy dole,
Unrenovating hurl'd.

How! how! thou gloomy back, yet choose
Hatred's low dignity?

Our train doth not despise the muse,
Or woo perfidity.

Nor more encourage negligence:
Come, with the morning star,
Entwine thine hand with diligence,
Nor thus suppressive marr.

Sing the man of cultivation,
Sing the quiet arts;
Here can live no sweet reflection,
And where thy lyric smarts.

Destructive woe and strange surmize,
What diffidence is this?
Sithonia never met surprize,
Or waging Troy, like this.

Thou indiscretion forlorn,
Whence irksome ideas are;
Ye gods, alas! and earthly born,
Therefore cannot be pure.

Thine a reputation dead,
Exasperating long;
A lone mortality is bad
As hideous Acheron.

Renounce them all, ignoble hermit;
Nor be among the few,
Who'd rather solitary sit
Than good intention shew.

A laughing satire to all men
Thou art, enthusiast:
Though retir'd here to laugh at them,
Thou'rt ever made a jest.

She ended; while yet on her brow
Contempt sat heavy clad;
And vainly toss'd herself; while now
The hermit thus did plead.

Cease, æthereal Mirth, thy lay,
For, idly thou hast said;
Dis shall, ere long, his groves display,
Thy debt shall yet be paid.

How odious thy vital springs!
Thy limbs will blast and die:
Pestiferous malignant stings
With Vitula shall vie.

Her airs become ridiculous,
And spreading ills around,

When Vitula's ignominious,
When sweets no more abound.

Nor lyric charms more shall appear
To soothe thy goddess' mien;
Or plain or city more revere
Vitula unsupreme.

All glories faded, laurels drown'd,
A universal tale,
That sicken'd Mirth no odours found,
Involved, sad, and pale.

Thus ended he:—when she again;—
Both high in blood now stand;
The shades now tremble, and the strain
Of nymphs await command.

Him Vitula implor'd to tell:—
Tell me thy happiness,
Ere I retire from the cell
Of emulated bliss.

Reveal thy fame and excellence,
Truth, if it tarry here;
Unfold thy peace and elegance,
Essential habits wear.

Romantic

Romantic images thy worth,
Thine ridicule and ire:
Romantic fancy tells thy birth,
Romantic shades inspire.

More bright than Phœbus, god of day,
Truth from romance doth keep;
More bright than stars' or moon's array,
That flatter men from sleep.

Intelligence none can invoke,
Nor can perfection please.
List, Anchorite, thou I invoke
Mere indolence and ease.

Did not Hegesias affright
Himself and others too,
By giving life a gloomy sight,
More eloquent than you?

But here triumphant confidence
Inanimated preys;
And folly's self has not the sense
To spurn her idle ways.

Here reason's lost in grots and caves,
'Midst Atramentous hue:

Here,

Here, mark'd with sighs, uncarress'd lives,
Her knowledge but to few.

Yet men will be contrarious,
Some good, some bad imbrue;
Exonerate, and various
The beaten paths they sue.

Ilions some, and Latium's toils,
Some Dorion muses sing;
Phœbus' fanes, Ascanius' foils,
The hermit venoms sting.

And yet I feel a blessed line,
Drawing all to agree;
Which makes me solitude to join,
And that unites to me.

Henceforth repose, and boast thy muse,
Whose celestial fire
Alone beneath these bows you choose,
In quiet your desire.

Thus ended she; her rage oppress'd,
And soft withdrew a step;
Her nymphs would fainly have caress'd
But she forbid them yet.

While

While now the hermit in suspense
Stood tottering, and began :
Ere ye depart, tell me from whence
He did exclaim, Oh, men !

Hence, then, thy antic forms and shapes,
Thy laughing jests, go way ;
Thy comic smiles, and tragic fates,
Thy quibs no longer stay.

The hills and valleys be my will,
I will them still my state ;
How is it, Mirth, that thy crude will
Doth pass such tott'ring hate ?

Where's, where's thy love and gratitude ?
My happiness is here ;
This calm best fits my aptitude,
Thine roving without fear.

Avaunt ! ye cheerless comforters,
Nor longer pity me ;
With whom there dwells no earthly fears,
Or heav'nly joys with ye.

Go, leave me to my rural sports,
To my sequester'd balm ;

Betake

Betake ye to your foul resorts;
My breast then will be calm.

If I have lost Elysia's prime,
Ye cannot bring it back;
Equivocate, and saternine,
Do often want more lack.

Be ever this paternal spot
My home and safe retreat,
And, thus, contentment be my lot,
Till I and heaven meet.

Until my mortal days are gone,
Eternal pleasures come;
And utter darkness shuts the loam,
Adversity's full sum!

Hence! frantic fools, nor more intrude
On my serious hours;
With ye there dwells inquietude,
Breaking my balmy bow'rs.

Once more soft glide, ye shallow streams,
Reluctant murmuring!
Ye golden muses, dart your beams,
To Helicon I sing!

And,

And, whensoe'er adventual,
Ye cruel fates, me cast,
Myself I have addoom'd to dwell
With Nine, both first and last!

Henceforth now dance, and sing in choir,
Sweet Venus' train appear;
With whom I ever will explore
The pleasures of the year.

Come on, now, Arcadia's mien,
Thee I woo'd from my birth;
Come, thou, sweet Socratic theme,
To ease thy dolesome earth.

And darksome night put on thy wing,
Moon regent of the sky;
Sister contemplation sing,
And Vitula will die.

Come, silver-winged wand'ring spheres,
And peep into my hut;
Where I may sit, and count of years
The wonders that are wrought.

And meditate upon the stars,
Then fall to noble man;

And muse on all his toils and cares,
  Which in the day I sang.

All works, O God! all thine behold,
  Which way I turn my eye;
Go, Mirth, muse on these blessings told,
  And claim a tender sigh.

For, I turn to my quiet cell,
  Where love and peace do tarry;
With gaiety I cannot dwell,
  Hence better learn to marry.

In stepp'd the hermit, and from whence
  Gay Vitula did come:
She wav'd her head in reverence,
  And hail'd her native home.

THE END.

J. H. Hart, Printer, 23, Warwick-Square.

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